THE NATION

March 9, 1964 . . 35c

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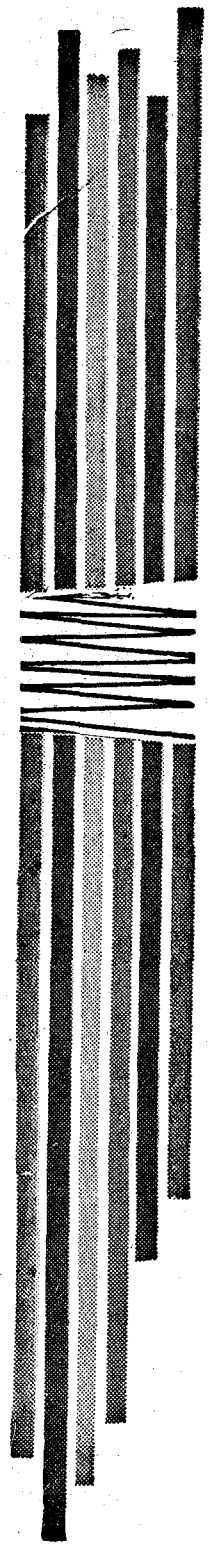

Florida's Railroad War

'A Few Sticks of Dynamite'

Robert G. Sherrill

THE HAMMER OF CIVIL RIGHTS

Martin Luther King, Jr.

APPALACHIA: Path from Disaster

Harry Caudill

THE G O P: LIBERAL ORIGINS AND THE FUTURE

Arthur Larson

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LETTERS

What gamble?

Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs: Using Mr. Hunt's words, Robert G. Sherrill ["H. L. Hunt: Portrait of a Super-Patriot," *The Nation*, Feb. 24] emphasizes the high risks involved in drilling wildcat oil wells. . . . These ideas are common but need qualification. First, the success ratio for wildcats (exploratory wells drilled to find new oil, but rarely drilled on as little evidence as their name implies) is much above one in thirty. It is closer to one in five if the finding of profitable quantities of either oil or gas is counted as a success (U. S. Geological Survey Bull. 1142-H, by A. D. Zapp, pp. 27-29).

Second, even with a one-in-five success ratio, Hunt's emphasis on the law of averages remains valid only by neglecting other factors. . . . Each well drilled, even if dry, reveals so much geologic information that future wells can be located much more effectively. C. J. Dwyer has said that as a result there is no such thing as an "unsuccessful" deep onshore well any more (*Nuclear Energy and World Fuel Prices*, National Planning Association). Obviously, such information is of little value to the firm that cannot drill additional wells.

As Sherrill says, too much is often explained in the oil business by luck. Once a firm reaches a certain size, luck plays almost no role at all.

David B. Brooks

Double standard

Stanford, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler's article, "Meddling in Latin America" (February 10), is dismaying because it is another example of the half-truths that are becoming the basis of an apologia concerning Jagan's P.P.P. in British Guiana. Most distressing is Mr. Meisler's double standard. If it is "meddling" when Guianese trade unionists accept AFL-CIO aid, what is it when Jagan relies on outside help to maintain his government in power? Would Mr. Meisler claim the P.P.P. receives no financial support from Communist sources? . . .

To state that there are few differences between the P.P.P. and Burnham's P.N.C. obscures the differences between crypto-communism and democratic socialism. Observers agree that the racial animosity which has marred Guiana in recent years was not the cause of the original 1955 split. Some of the current differences are: (1) democracy: a P.P.P. legislator continues to hold his seat though disqualified by the courts for illegal election practices; (2) foreign policy: the P.P.P. supports Communist bloc policies, while the P.N.C. is in the main stream of Afro-Asian neutralism; (3) rural favoritism: over a year before the 1963 strike, Jagan was almost toppled by trying to implement a compulsory savings scheme which bore down on the salaried urban worker, but little affected the merchant and farmer; (4) probability of radical reform: through P.P.P. covert support in the last election, the right-wing party gained two seats; contrasted to the P.P.P.'s reliance on the colony's petty bourgeoisie, the P.N.C. is based on the urban poor and unemployed.

Charles C. Moskos, Jr.

Water statistics

Skiddy, Kan.

Dear Sirs: David Cort ["The Cities Downstream," *The Nation*, Jan. 27] rightly states, "water statistics . . . may mean much or nothing." Some of his statistics mean nothing. For example, the 5 million gallons of water used in producing a ton of bromine is entirely nonpotable since the bromine is derived either from sea water or from saline wells. The other figures in the same paragraph are also misleading because most of the water in these processes is reused water. However, his major points are true and of the utmost importance.

S. O. McLaren

Traffic justice

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest Leonard Scandur's "Cash Register Justice" (Feb. 10).

I hold no brief for traffic policemen. I believe I am something of a thorn in their side, locally, because I frequently undertake defense of a traffic charge, simply out of a perhaps misplaced zeal. But . . . the numerous trial judges before whom I have appeared in my own behalf and for clients have, without exception, shown no bias on the matter of credibility of the testifying officer, and great patience in listening to my defense, and to other defenses. . . .

The reaction I get to my experience with traffic charges is that the traffic police themselves are a lot more zealous than their function requires. I believe that a great deal of good could be done if the officer would be allowed simply to give a warning in writing and accept a receipt for it. . . .

But traffic officers, within my experience, tend to be pretty dogmatic and sometimes I suspect them of a little sadism. My experience with the local municipal court leaves me with no particular reason to criticize the administration of these cases in court.

R. E. Allen

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Up to November 4

Election Day this year is on November 3. Persistence in every variety of folly in foreign policy is therefore guaranteed until that date. If the will of the people has been registered by midnight, the new or re-elected President, before falling asleep, will be able to afford a few sensible thoughts on what to do in South Vietnam, Cuba, and the other areas in which our frustrations have served as a political football.

In these ruminations Vietnam deserves first place. Robert Sherwood called war "Idiot's Delight"; what a pity he did not live to see Vietnam! He should have gone to Saigon with Roscoe Drummond, the New York *Herald Tribune's* political guru, and read his conclusions from a ten-day look which, slightly compressed, are as follows:

1. We're not winning.
2. There is no present assurance we can win.
3. Time is on the side of the enemy.
4. (Surprise) We don't have to lose.

If the syllogism seems to have the blind staggers, it is the way Mr. Drummond wrote it, numbered and all. Moreover, it is widely echoed. Thus on February 20, Senator Javits expended several thousand words to say that we must not let the impression get abroad that "we have lost confidence in the fundamental reason why we are in South Vietnam or in our determination to help the Vietnamese carry on that struggle for freedom," and so on. But it is not a matter of impressions or views; it is facts that must be reckoned with. One fact, known in all the chancelleries of Europe and Asia, is that we are losing the war; another, equally obvious, is that the Vietnamese do not wish to carry on the struggle for freedom under our inspiration and tutelage. Preferring to blink this latter truth, which is the most distressing of all, Mr. Javits was wasting the Senate's time. If Mr. McNamara incorporates the same burden of clichés into his latest survey of the Vietnam problem, all his perspicacity will likewise go for naught.

Mr. Javits was trying to answer Senator Mansfield's suggestion that we had better listen to General de Gaulle's argument for neutralizing the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula. Mr. Javits fears that this would be tantamount to losing the entire area to the Communists. There is that danger, but the best chance of averting it is to use what bargaining power we have left. Ho Chi Minh and Chou En-lai are perfectly aware of the Seventh Fleet and our other forces in Asia. They are not likely to overrun South Vietnam with lighthearted disregard of our feelings. Chou talks big, but his actions have been circumspect. And, if we display some reason, Ho will have some cards to play against Chou.

The alternative to a settlement is carrying the war to North Vietnam—"changing the rules of the game," in the current Washington jargon. In World War I, Lenin exhorted the Bolsheviks to change the international war into a civil war. They did so. By attacking North Vietnam, we should be courting the risk of converting the civil war into an international war. We should also be doing our best to heal the breach between the Russians and the Chinese. The Russians might feel forced to make common cause against us, or lose all revolutionary status.

Come what may, November 3 is only eight months away. The choice Lyndon Johnson faces today is to stand for election as the war is being lost, or to take a chance on leading the nation into World War III, or to seek a settlement now. The third course is the only wise one, and therefore the least likely to be chosen in an election year.

Panama: The Third Force

Out of the spotlight for the moment, United States-Panama negotiations appear to have reached a tragicomedy stalemate. The five-nation O.A.S. investigation team is said to be in an agony of indecision; it does not want to offend either party. The team apparently finds little support for the American thesis that Castro's agents were responsible for the recent disturbances, nor is it deeply impressed by the Panamanian charges of "aggression" leveled against this country. Direct negotiations have bogged down over our insistence that we will "discuss" treaty revisions but will not agree to renegotiate the treaty.

To ease the tension, the newspapers in Panama have agreed to moderate the tone and tenor of their diatribes; but the Administration's gesture of agreeing that thirty or forty Panamanians might be added to the zone police force has aroused screams of protest from the specially privileged Zonians and their mouthpiece in Congress, Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.).

But in addition to the Panamanians and the Zonians, a third force in Panama is now beginning to make itself heard; this is the American-Panamanian business community. It is no secret—or not much of one—that the Americans in Panama are quite sympathetic to the Panamanian position, but these American interests are most reluctant to speak out in support of a position which would appear to oppose that taken by Washington. However, their Panamanian colleagues are not thus inhibited. A group of them published a full-page advertisement in the February 24 *San Francisco Chronicle* in which they hammer home the proposition that the treaty should be renegotiated.

The Nation has checked out the forty-one signatures to this ad and is satisfied that they represent an excellent cross section of Panamanian business opinion. The men who signed are all "anti-Communist," but they are not all oligarchs. Included are some highly respected middle-class elements. Among the signatures,

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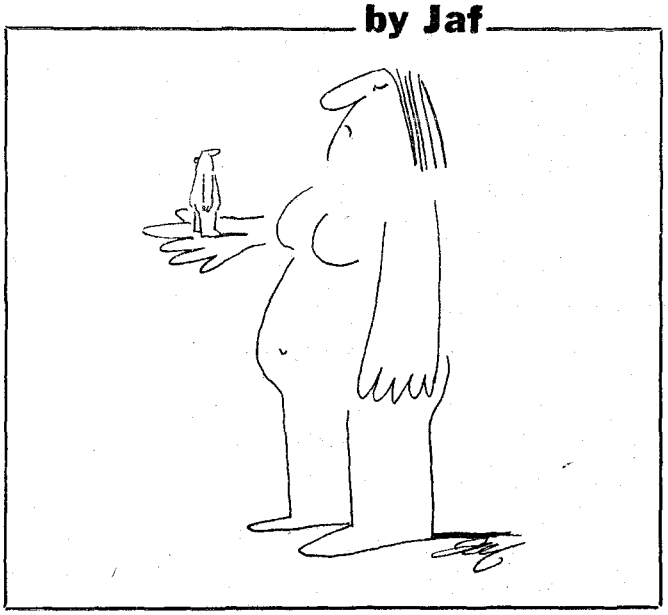
incidentally, is that of Ruben Dario Carles, Jr., former Minister of Finance and currently manager of Chase Manhattan Bank's Panama branch. It is clear that these men also speak for the American business community. The ad calls attention to the fact that in 1903 Secretary of State John Hay acknowledged in a letter to Senator Spooner that the treaty was most disadvantageous to Panama and went on to say: "You and I know too well how many points there are in this treaty to which a Panamanian patriot should object." The fact is, of course, that spokesmen for President Kennedy privately agreed to renegotiate the treaty, an agreement which Washington is reluctant to honor publicly at this time because of the recent disturbances and also because a national election is pending.

It is unfortunate that former Ambassador Joseph Farland is unable, because of regulations governing the disclosure of "classified" information, to tell the public what he knows about the history of negotiations or "discussions" over the treaty. But the American-Panamanian business community is not without influence in this country; it has strong friends, particularly in the Texas gulf ports, in New Orleans, in San Francisco and in the East Coast ports. The community's views, if known, should command more attention than the hysterical protests of the Zonians and their spokesman, Representative Flood. While the Administration is doubtless fully advised of the business community's views, the American public is not, except as these views are reflected in a few paid advertisements. Why should a great power adamantly refuse to negotiate a matter of the highest mutual interest with a small power? Has the word "negotiation" become tainted? The signers of the advertisement state: "We believe very firmly that the United States has quite as much to gain as Panama does from negotiation of a new treaty consistent with the high principles espoused by an unbroken line of the United States leadership in the post-war period. Relegating the anachronistic treaty of 1903 to the annals of the bygone era it exemplifies would be an act of statesmanship which would do credit to a great and powerful nation. It would raise United States-Panamanian relations to the level of partnership, and this is the only basis for an enduring international friendship."

The Spoor of the Demagogue

When a country is in trouble abroad, the outs can always make things hot for the ins; sometimes, however, the outs are restrained by patriotism or a sense of decency. Not so non-candidate Nixon. The cold war and the Red hunt raised him to eminence; on his merits as a statesman, he would never have got beyond the House, and might have been retired like any other obscure Representative. But he nearly made the Presidency and still aspires to it. His one chance, he knows, is in the disarray and frustration of United States policy as the cold war goes into its eighteenth year. In February, making his fifth foreign policy pronouncement, Nixon spoke before the Creve Coeur Club, in Peoria, Ill. (Creve Coeur is said to be the local

by Jaf



equivalent of the Union League, only a little rougher.)

"We have got to get Castro out of Cuba," Nixon shouted, and received whistling applause. He laid down the law to our NATO allies. We should let them know, he said, that their choice is between the Cuban market and the American market. This sounded like an echo of Secretary Rusk's implied invitation to rightist individuals and organizations to boycott Triumph automobiles or refuse to visit Stratford-on-Avon, but Nixon explained that he wanted the government to do the boycotting. His motive, of course, was to put the Johnson Administration on the spot. If the Administration refused to act, the Congress "should pass a resolution which would *require* the Administration to deny the American market to companies that persist in selling to Castro." (Italics added.)

Require? Nixon has been President of the Senate and he knows that such a resolution would have no binding force and, if passed (which it wouldn't be) would simply be another illustration of how squalid partisanship can become.

Earlier in February, in Miami, Nixon offered a prescription for ousting Castro. We should start with diplomatic pressures, he said, move on to a full economic blockade and, if that didn't work, "do what is necessary—and you can use your imagination about that." Goldwater at least was courageous enough to say flatly that he wanted to invade.

The Mayor Moved

Arthur J. Holland, the forty-five-year-old mayor of Trenton, N.J., has made the front page of *The New York Times* (February 24) with a three-column spread and a photograph of himself and his wife and baby. He was also featured on the radio. Yet all he did was move from one house to another a mile and a half away. Ordinarily, such an event would not rate a notice in the local paper, much less nationally, but this was a move with a difference. "Mayor of Trenton," the headline read, "Buys Home in Interracial Area."

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"This is not a popular move," Mr. Holland said to reporters. "The average person feels it's very foolish. . . ." From all-white, the neighborhood had changed to 50 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican. Now that the mayor has moved in, the remaining whites may think twice before moving out. Presumably, also, the whites in other threatened neighborhoods will take heart and not sell their property at a discount to blockbusting real estate brokers who then promptly resell at a big profit to non-whites.

But the Hollands are not only displaying public spirit, they also know a good buy when they see one. For $7,000 they acquired a 100-year-old, fourteen-room house. A building which has stood for a century is usually good for a century more—unlike some of the current construction, which will not outlast the thirty-year mortgage. The Hollands then spent almost a year, and $10,000, rewiring, replumbing and remodeling generally. At $17,000, the investment works out to $1,200 a room, not counting baths. In a development, a six-room ranch or split-level with a bath and a half might cost that much or more, and with no space for workshop, study or anything else that distinguishes a home from a hotel suite. In a "good," i.e., lily-white neighborhood, the Hollands' new house might cost two or three times what they paid. Snobbery comes high.

In ghettos like Harlem, Negroes and Puerto Ricans are outrageously exploited by landlords, white and colored alike, but some fashionable sections of our suburbs and smaller cities abut on run-down neighborhoods in which colored people, just as respectable as the middle-class whites nearby, live at much lower expense. There is nothing to prevent enlightened (and astute) whites from showing they believe in integration by joining their colored friends, and simultaneously solving the housing problem. To do the opposite of what fools are doing is not folly. Mr. Holland may have started something.

Snow Job

So much painful light is being beamed these days at the morality of public servants, so many ethics codes are being packaged for the guidance of legislators who find the difference between right and wrong a profound philosophical bafflement, that we tend to overlook the fact that only in the most stubborn cases is it necessary for the agents of private greed to corrupt our elected representatives. In most situations it is easier, and more salubrious, to snow them.

An instance of this technique stems from the decision of the Massachusetts legislature, early this year, to consider a bill establishing minimum safety standards for motor vehicle design and construction. This bill did not lack impressive sponsors: the American Automobile Association, the National Association of Claimants' Compensation Attorneys, the insurance industry, the state medical society, the General Confederation of Women's Clubs.

Detroit, on the other hand, did not lack psychological know-how. The Automobile Manufacturers Association, a week before the February hearing on the bill, invited the Massachusetts Joint Legislative Committee on Highways and Motor Vehicles to come out to Detroit (all expenses paid) and see for itself how deeply the industry is concerned with safety, how naive, if not anti-democratic, are all those scientists and engineers outside the industry who charge that we are being sold unnecessarily dangerous cars.

After a week of crash demonstrations and associated socializing with the industry's brass, the committee reported to its colleagues in Boston, and at the end of one hour of hearings the bill was killed as being unnecessary. These legislators were not corrupted; they were simply gulled by men who are paid, among other things, for the fact that they can think faster than the average state senator.

Florida's Railroad War

'A Few Sticks of Dynamite' . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Tallahassee

Last week a television reporter asked a striking employee of the Florida East Coast Railway what he would do when his unemployment pay runs out in April.

"I guess," he said, "I'll buy a few sticks of dynamite."

The worker's reply got little notice; violence has become commonplace on the F.E.C. The line has been on a hot-war footing for more than thirteen months. In one way, the 2,000 workers are on strike. In another way, they are locked out by the railroad's operator, seventy-five-year-old Edward Ball. The strike-lockout is so confused and illogical that there is really no one phrase that would describe it in modern labor-relations terms.

Seventy years ago this April, George Mortimer Pullman said no, no, he would not think of negotiating with his employees for a pay increase. The result was not an impasse but a collision, with the government joining Pullman's side (in came the troops). The situation had no resemblance to what we think of today as worker-employer relations. It was a feudal affair, the baron against the rebellious serfs. No discussion, no compromise.

That's why the Pullman strike is looked back to as a turning point in railroad history. After that, the historians like to say, labor and management began moving toward the light. But in Florida, it is as though the seventy years had not passed. Ed Ball operates in a way Mr. Pullman would have approved, and he only wishes President Johnson, like President Cleveland, would

Robert G. Sherrill is Tallahassee bureau chief of the Miami Herald.

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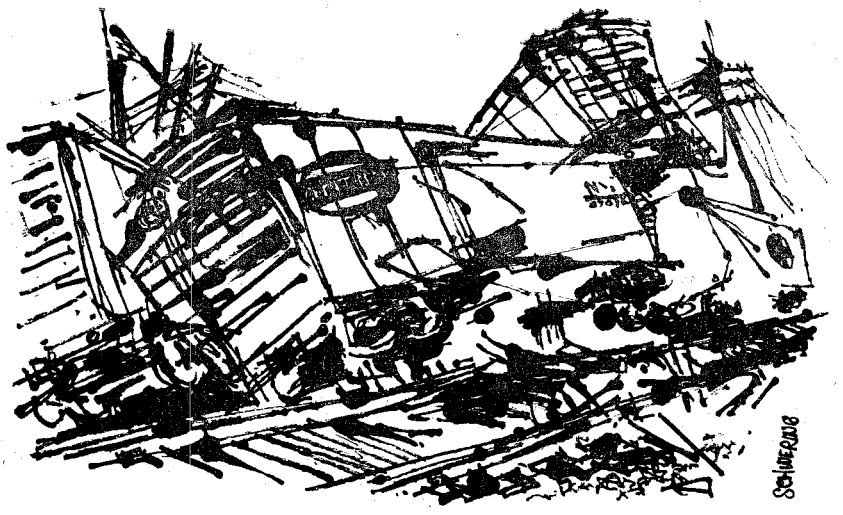

call out the troops. Ball has suggested it.

In this smoother era, however, government can assist management much more effectively by simply staying out of the fight. By abstention, both the federal government and the state government of Florida have greatly aided Ball.

Two years ago, 192 railroads followed the recommendations of a Presidential board and agreed to give an hourly pay raise of 10.28c. The Florida East Coast would not grant the raise, and would not even talk about it. Thirteen hundred workers went out. These were the F.E.C.'s nonoperating personnel. The 600 employees who actually ran the trains respected the picket line. The F.E.C. kept rolling by using its supervisory workers. In addition, Ball hired college boys and back-country Georgians to come in and learn on the job.

These were not ordinary strike-breaking efforts, if by those we mean forcing the workers to return to their jobs on management's terms. Ball does not want the strikers back on any terms. An emergency mediation board last month asked Ball to rehire the strikers and pay the wage increase without making it retroactive. He ignored it, just as he had ignored President Kennedy's order that the workers be rehired. And he has said that even if the strikers gave up all demands he would keep the people he has hired in their place.

He is not just seeking to impose his will in the setting of wages; rather he is determined to have a complete reorganization of operation, and the post-strike personnel is part of that. Last year, when it looked as though the nation would be faced with a total rail strike if the anti-featherbedding rules were put into effect, Congress ordered a delay. All railroads but the F.E.C. complied. Ball went right ahead and enforced the regulations.

And when he says no featherbedding, he means it. Instead of 2,000 emloyees, he now runs the line with 700. The million-dollar payroll of September, 1962, had been cut to $391,000 by September, 1963. Whereas it used to take three crews (fifteen men) to move a train from Jacksonville to Miami, it now takes one crew of four men. A Xerox machine is doing what it took five clerks to do in the Miami office.

Out of adversity, the F.E.C. has doubtless come up with some methods of cutting expenses that other lines could profitably imitate. But some public officials — notably Miami Mayor Robert King High — complain that the F.E.C. does not hire even enough people to maintain its safety devices. Otis C. Jones, international vice president of the Railroad Telegraphers Union, contends: "They've thrown every rule in the book out the window. When they run a train from Bowden Yard to Miami, they may have the crew stop and do repairs on the track."

The opening of the labor dispute dashed the line's profits. Now it is in the black again, doing better than ever. When the President set up an emergency board to solve the dispute, Ball said, "There is no emergency. We have restored practically 100 per cent of freight service." He has greeted all the federal government's efforts in the same spirit. When Kennedy first appointed the emergency board, Ball interpreted it as a move to help the unions and asked, "Has the time arrived when the government will not permit a union to lose a strike?" When Kennedy asked both sides to submit to binding arbitration, Ball snorted: "No outside party should tell us how to run our railroad." When Labor Secretary Wirtz asked him to come to Washington to talk about the problem, Ball said it was too far to go. When Wirtz offered to move the council table closer to Florida, Ball said he couldn't come because he had an abscessed tooth.

Last month Assistant Labor Secretary James J. Reynolds called a meeting in Daytona Beach. After two hours of talking with Ball, Reynolds described the effort as "completely futile" and called Ball a "baron" with a "petulant insistence on the adherence to a philosophy that has no place in this century."

When Ball runs out of other ways of irritating federal negotiators, he falls back on his tape recorder. He has broken up several sessions with it. The negotiators say the recorder is insulting. Ball grins and retorts, "An honest man wouldn't mind."

This telescoped listing of the several attempts at negotiations made by Kennedy and Johnson and the Labor Department, may perhaps have given a wrong impression. Not until very recently—in the last few weeks, in fact—has the federal government made any concentrated effort to solve the strike.

The government of Florida has done even less. For six months and more, Governor Farris Bryant has been saying, "The state has no place in it. It's up to the ICC." Since the beginning of the strike, the Florida Railroad and Public Utilities Commission has maintained that it cannot act "because the federal government has pre-empted the field of strike regulations"—although there is a Florida statute under which binding arbitration can be required.

Apparently Assistant Labor Secretary Reynolds does not agree. Last week, he angrily charged that the state railroad board "has been strangely silent on the strike, as has the Governor." He went on to say that the railroad board's justification for failing to crack down on Ball "becomes less and less valid every day as the F.E.C. refuses to take any steps to end the strike. I wish the Governor would step in. After all, it's really a state problem until it enters Cape Kennedy, where it could hurt the nation's space efforts." Governor Bryant said the ap-

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peal for action "confused" him. Railroad commission chairman Ed Mason said he sure wished the federal government would give the states back some of their authority.

The strikers must be watching with growing despair as both sides beat the air with bureaucratic gusto.

As a matter of fact, the state railroad commission did make one gesture, about eleven months ago. Under its state charter, the F.E.C. is supposed to furnish both freight and passenger service all the way to Miami. With the beginning of the strike, passenger service was stopped. The railroad commission ordered the F.E.C. to put the passenger trains—which are not profitable—back in service, or pay $5,000 a day penalty.

Ball replied that he would be happy to restore passenger service as soon as the strike was over, but since the state couldn't end the strike for him, he didn't see how the state could ask him to give full service. (Ball's good faith in promising a resumption of passenger service after the strike is put in question by the statement of F.E.C.'s attorney, John Prunty: "I don't know if we'll get back into the passenger business after the strike ends. We make more on freight handling and if you can make money without carrying passengers, why carry them?")

Nothing has been heard from the railroad commission since that brief encounter, except when it indirectly takes Ball's side. This is election year for the commission chairman, and Ball is reputedly an expert at fighting with campaign money. Also, the commission is feuding with Washington over utilities regulations and does not at all mind embarrassing the federal agencies. Consequently, though Ball's argument sounds somewhat odd coming from the commission, it has learned its lines well. Nowadays when cities along the railroad—Miami, for one—complain about the F.E.C.'s failure to maintain passenger service, the commission repeats the lesson it learned from Ball: he can't be required to give full service until the strike is over, and the state can't end the strike.

Could management dream of anything cozier? The federal government says the state should take the initiative, the state government pleads legal impotence, and the party to be controlled argues, successfully, that until they make up their minds, he should be allowed to disregard all charter regulations. No wonder arbitrators meeting in Cocoa Beach a few weeks ago called the situation "almost without parallel" in labor history.

Definitely without parallel in Florida is this man Ball and the power and wealth he wields. What Ed Ball wants, Ed Ball gets. It has been that way for years. Ball's star rose when his sister Jessie married Alfred I. duPont, cousin of the Delaware duPonts. Alfred fell out with his kinsmen thirty-five years ago and moved to Florida, bringing along $34 million. Ball, who had made no mark on his own, soon became his brother-in-law's confidant and business amanuensis.

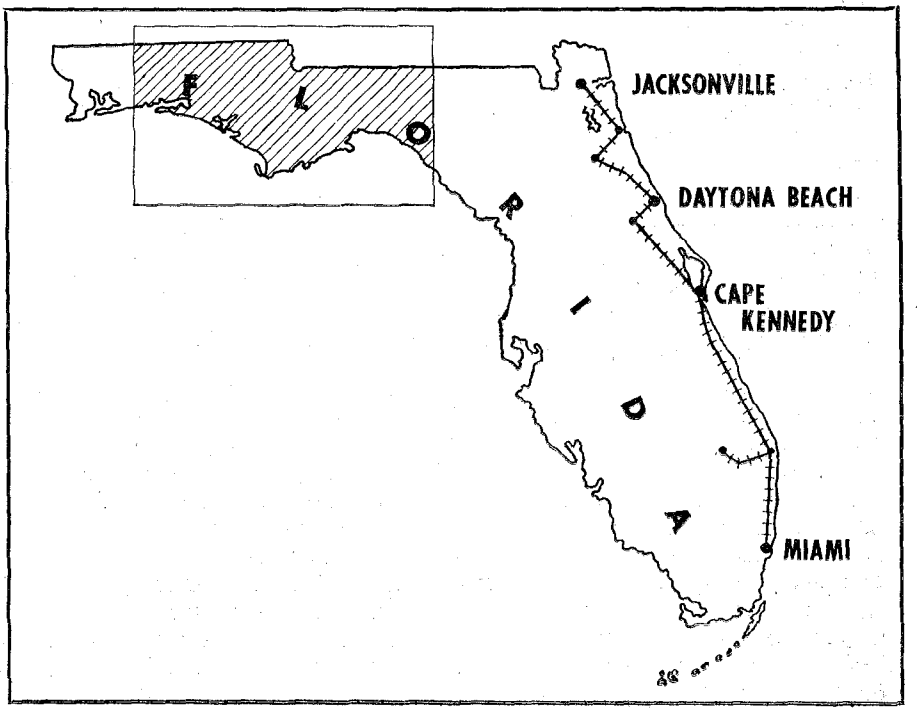
In the name of duPont, Ball started buying. By the time he was through, the duPont interests held control of thirty-one banks—the largest banking group in Florida—and owned more than one million acres of land, the St. Joe Paper Co. (worth an estimated $150 million), $190 million of common stock in E. I. duPont de Nemours, $33 million of common stock in General Motors, two railroads, and countless chips and splinters of industry.

Although the present struggle is being conducted on the East Coast of Florida, Ed Ball land actually lies to the west. Look at the map of Florida: where the peninsula breaks westward along its mainland thumb, Ed Ball land begins (shaded area), and for the next 120 miles there is not a county in which the duPont estate—which is to say, Ball, since he now runs the estate—does not own from 5,000 to 195,000 acres. He is, in brief, the largest private landholder in Florida.

State agencies—which the Miami *Herald* recently lumped editorially as "spineless"—move in lock step to Ball's command. Not long ago Ball had a Miami expressway tied up in the courts, and the city of Miami appealed to the state road board to overcome it. One of the board members replied quaveringly: "Sure, we could condemn Mr. Ball's land in Dade County (Miami). If it were absolutely necessary, I'd vote to do it. But he plays a game of checkers, with the whole state for a board. I can hit him in Dade County, but he'll clobber me in west Florida. You can't build a road two miles long up here without running into Ball's property."

Ball is sometimes so highhanded that his actions take on an aesthetic quality. Miami recently sent him a tax bill for $50,000. He sent a check for half that amount without even bothering to explain. Other cities in F.E.C. territory have received the same half-payment. Some have sued, others threaten to. Ball isn't worried; he's been to court before.

Miami-area growers say that ICC regulations require a carrier to accept responsibility for a shipment as soon as it is loaded, but F.E.C. bills of lading state that the railroad won't accept responsibility. If



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the growers don't like it, they can send their produce by truck, at twice the rate. If growers want icing, they can supply it for themselves. Nothing less than a full-car load will be picked up. All in all, farmers on the Florida tip say that the F.E.C. service is so bad that some of them face ruin.

The Florida East Coast Railroad was built by Henry Flagler, a founder of Standard Oil, to serve some of his hotels on the East Coast of Florida. As he said, the line "just kept following the crowds" until it went all the way to Miami and beyond—572 miles. It is an important railroad. The counties it traverses represent 20 per cent of the state's acreage and hold 50 per cent of its population.

During the land and tourist boom of the 1920s, Flagler borrowed $45 million by the sale of bonds to build a double track. Then the boom deflated and the extra debt sent the F.E.C. into receivership in 1931. That was when Ball started picking up the pieces that eventually fitted together as ownership, buying up the bonds for as little as $20 per $100 valuation. By 1941, the F.E.C. had climbed back to the level of "bankruptcy"—a strangely defined position for a railroad that during the war was one of the most profitable in the country.

The next year Ed Ball made his move for control. The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad also wanted the F.E.C. Seventeen years later, after bitter court fights that cost both sides an estimated $5 million in legal fees, Ball came out the winner. As Harris H. Mullen, a Florida magazine publisher, put it: "Once duPont gets mixed up in something they stay mixed up in it until they get what they are after—and if they don't get what they are after, they are willing to just keep on staying mixed up." It is a perfect description of the bear-trap diplomacy Ball has used so far in the F.E.C. labor dispute and which the workers can expect in the future.

That also is the reason why *someone*—the unions deny any and all of it, of course—has decided that the only way to talk to Ball is the way the Wobblies talked to their implacable employers: with fire, gunshot and dynamite. Two hundred acts of suspected sabotage have been counted since the strike started. Most of the vandalism has been limited to such acts as chopping up air hoses and cutting signal lines. But as early as last April cars were being derailed.

In the past month, derailings have become almost routine: thirty cars one week, fourteen a week later; thirty-nine cars and engines blown up on February 27, while President Johnson was visiting the state.

But Ball doesn't understand that language either. Angrier than ever, more stubborn than ever, he pushes his business down a newly completed spur line to the site of the Cape Kennedy "moonport." Temporarily his cars are blocked by rifle-carrying government guards. No unloading; the threat of a labor shutdown is too clear. But Ball persists, cries "Iron Fist!" and the space agency goes over the head of the government labor advisers and opens its lines to the Ed Ball Express. Up go the picket lines, work stops on the $213 million construction, out come the injunctions, and the ugly tug of war continues. Ball said he expects to earn $57 million doing business with the government in the Cape area during the next decade, strike or no strike.

There is no end in sight, unless perhaps the violence reaches such dimensions that the government takes over the line—a slim chance in an election year. Meanwhile, growers in south Florida spend thousands of extra dollars to truck their crops at peak season, because the F.E.C. gives only the curtailed service it finds most profitable. Meanwhile, NASA's schedule for boosting an astronaut to the moon is delayed. Meanwhile, 2,000 workers begin to drift away, broke, fed up with the fight to get arbitration.

Senator Wayne Morse said recently that the duPont estate, which is one of the larger bank-holding companies in the United States, should be deprived of the exemption to the Bank Holding Company Act, by which it is permitted to engage not only in banking but in nonbanking activities. Getting it out of nonbanking would mean getting it out of railroading, and that is what Morse wants.

On February 26, Morse offered an amendment to the Bank Holding Company Act designed to that end. He can now be sure of facing the vigorous opposition of both of Florida's Senators who, though not the wisest of legislators, are smart enough to remember that Claude Pepper lost his Senate seat after he had aroused the anger of Edward Ball.

Hammer of Civil Rights . . . Martin Luther King, Jr.

For the fourth year running, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., presents to the readers of The Nation *his annual report on the progress of civil rights (see "Equality Now," Feb. 4, 1961; "Fumbling on the New Frontier," March 3, 1962; "Bold Design for a New South," March 30, 1963).—Editors.*

Exactly one hundred years after Abraham Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation for them, Negroes wrote their own document of freedom in their own way. In 1963, the civil rights movement coalesced around a technique for social change, nonviolent direct action. It elevated jobs and other economic issues to the summit, where earlier it had placed discrimination and suffrage. It thereby forged episodic social protest into the hammer of social revolution.

Within a few months, more than 1,000 American cities and towns were shaken by street demonstrations, and more than 20,000 nonviolent resistors went to jail. Nothing in the Negro's history, save the era of Reconstruction, equals in intensity, breadth and power this matchless upheaval. For weeks it held spellbound, not only this country, but the entire world. What had moved the nation's foundations was a genuinely new force in American life. Negro power had matured and was dynamically asserting itself.

The impact of this new strength, expressed on a new level, means among other things that the civil

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rights issue can never again be thrust into the background. There will not be "One hundred years of litigation," that cynical threat of the segregationists. Nor will there be easy compromises which divert and stagnate the movement. The problem will now be faced and solved or it will without pause torment and agonize the political and social life of the nation.

In the past two decades, the contemporary world entered a new era characterized by multifaceted struggles for human rights. Continents erupted under the pressures of a billion people pressing in from the past to enter modern society. In nations of both the East and the West, long-established political and social structures were fissured and changed. The issues of human rights and individual freedom challenged forms of government as dissimilar as those of the Soviet Union, colonial Africa, Asia, Latin America and the United States.

The Negro freedom movement reflects this world upheaval within the United States. It is a component of a world era of change, and that is the source of its strength and durability. Against this background the civil rights issue confronts the 88th Congress and the Presidential campaign of 1964.

Earlier civil rights legislation was cautiously and narrowly drawn, designed primarily to anticipate and avoid Negro protest. It had a double and contradictory objective: to limit change, and yet to muffle protest. The earlier legislation was conceived and debated under essentially calm conditions. The bill now pending in Congress is the child of a storm, the product of the most turbulent motion the nation has ever known in peacetime.

Congress has already recognized that this legislation is imbued with an urgency from which there is no easy escape. The new level of strength in the civil rights movement is expressed in plans it has already formulated to intervene in the Congressional deliberations at the critical and necessary points. It is more significantly expressed in plans to guarantee the bill's implementation when it is enacted. And reserve plans exist to exact political consequences if the bill is defeated or emasculated.

As had been foreseen, the bill survived intact in the House. It has now moved to the Senate, where a legislative confrontation reminiscent of Birmingham impends. Bull Connor became a weight too heavy for the conscience of Birmingham to bear. There are men in the Senate who now plan to perpetuate the injustices Bull Connor so ignobly defended. His weapons were the high-pressure hose, the club and the snarling dog; theirs is the filibuster. If America is as revolted by them as it was by Bull Connor, we shall emerge with a victory.

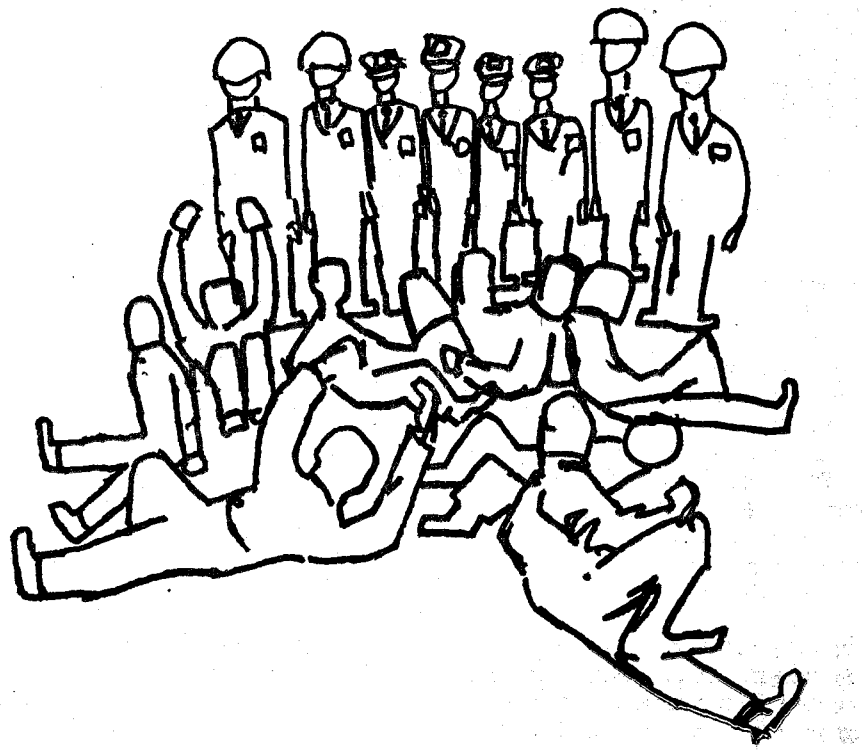
The keys to victory in Birmingham were the refusal to be intimidated; the indomitable spirit of Negroes to endure; their willingness to fill the jails; their ability to love their children—and take them by the hand into battle; to leave on that battlefield six murdered Negro children, to suffer the grief, and resist demoralization and provocation to violence.

Argument will inevitably be made that in the Senate cloture is the only weapon available to subdue the filibuster. And cloture requires that a two-thirds majority be mustered before a simple majority can legislate. In thirty-five years, the only time that cloture has been successfully invoked was against a fragile liberal group opposed by the Administration regulars and almost the entire Republican delegation. That is hardly a convincing precedent for the success of cloture in the present fight.

On the other hand, if proponents of the civil rights measure will adopt some of the burning spirit of this new period, they can match their tenacity with that of the filibusterers. The Dixiecrats can be worn down by an endurance that surpasses theirs. What one group of men dedicated to a dying cause can do, another group, if they are as deeply committed to justice, should be able to do. When the Southern obstructionists find themselves at the end of their physical and moral resources, cloture may be employed gently to end their misery.

It is not too much to ask, 101 years after Emancipation, that Senators who must meet the challenge of the filibuster do so in the spirit of the heroes of Birmingham. They must avoid the temptation to compromise the bill as a means of ending the filibuster. They can use the Birmingham method by keeping the Senate in continuous session, by matching the ability of the segregationists to talk with their capacity to outlast them. Nonviolent action to resist can be practiced in the Senate as well as in the streets.

There could be no more fitting tribute to the children of Birmingham than to have the Senate for the first time in history bury a civil rights filibuster. The dead children cannot be restored, but living children can be given a life. The assas-



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sins who still walk the streets will still be unpunished, but at least they will be defeated.

The important point is that if the filibuster is not beaten by a will to wear it out, the Dixiecrats will be justified in believing that they face, not an implacable adversary, but merely a nagging opponent. Negroes are not going to be satisfied with half a loaf of the legislation now pending. The civil rights forces in the Senate will have to find the strength to win a full victory. Anything less will be regarded as a defeat in the context of today's political realities.

While attention is now properly focused on legislation, it is still useful to widen our perspective by stepping back a little. For the past several years Negro rights have been imperiled and impeded by a confusion of tactics. In the earlier years of the administration of President Kennedy, Executive power was advocated as a more effective weapon than legislative action. It was argued then that laws existed, but were not adequately exercised; that a broad application of Executive power could effect many significant changes. The Civil Rights Commission, easily the most underrated agency of government, began its life in political isolation because neither side respected it. In one of its early reports it declared that the federal government was the single heaviest financial supporter of segregation. Much of this evil, the commission indicated, could be cured by Executive action.

President Kennedy did begin a new use of his Presidential power by exposing the little-observed practices of many government bureaus. Changes of some significance began to alter the profile of certain agencies. His committee on Fair Employment, headed by then Vice President Johnson, opened jobs and upgraded opportunities for Negroes in many plants in the South. Though the tempo was slow and the goal distant, the direction was right.

President Kennedy also, after considerable delay, issued an order prohibiting segregation in government-financed housing. It was conspicuously flawed with compromise and to this date has not significantly altered any housing patterns. Nevertheless, it was another example of the application of Presidential power, and if timidity of conception or execution limited the effect, still a new path was chopped through the thicket. Alert and aggressive civil rights forces have an opportunity to pave a highway over it. These examples of Executive action illustrate that gain is possible even in the absence of legislation.

However, before a serious drive was mounted in this direction, the unfolding of massive and revolutionary direct action restored legislation to the head of the list, and virtually all public attention has since focused on Congress.

Perhaps unintentionally, one method became posed against the other; the investigation and use of Executive power receded as the legislative battle crowded into the limelight. But there is no reason why the civil rights movement should abandon one weapon as it flourishes another. It would amount to negligence to allow the creative use of Executive power to wither because gains are possible on the legislative stage. More than that, when the legislation becomes law, its vitality and power will depend as much on its implementation as on the strength of its declarations.

Legislative enactments, like court decisions, declare rights, but do not automatically deliver them. Ultimately, Executive action determines what force and effect legislation will have. The elusive benefit of legislation is illustrated by the fact that for some years federal law has authorized the appointment of federal registrars where voting rights are denied. Yet to date not one registrar has enrolled one voter from among the millions of eligible Negroes who remain disenfranchised. An even more striking example of Executive vacuum, as Dr. Howard Zinn has pointed out, is that civil rights legislation passed in 1866 is still not enforced in the South. The United States Criminal Code Title 10, sections 241 and 242, make it a crime for officials to deprive persons of their constitutional rights, and for any persons to conspire to that end. The numberless violations of that law stand in sharp contrast to the infrequency with which the Justice Department has attempted to invoke it.

The simple fact is that federal law is so extensively defied in the South that it is no exaggeration to say that the federal union is barely a reality. For the Southern Negro it is more a tragic myth. He has been exploited, jailed and even murdered, by deeds which federal writ can reach, but his oppression continues essentially unrelieved.

The most tragic and widespread violations occur in the areas of police brutality and the enforcement against the Negro of obviously illegal state statutes. For many white Americans in the North there is little comprehension of the grossness of police behavior and its wide practice. The Civil Rights Commission, after a detailed, scholarly and objective study, declared it to be one of the worst manifestations of the Negro's oppression. The public becomes aware of it only during episodes of nonviolent demonstration, and often concludes that what they have witnessed is an atypical incident of excessive conduct. That the behavior is habitual, not exceptional, is a fact little understood.

Police brutality, with community support, or at best indifference, is a daily experience for Negroes in all too many areas of the South. They live in a police state which, paradoxically, maintains itself within a democratic republic. Under these conditions, an occasional law suit by the federal government, which may drag for years through the courts, is no remedy. Indeed, it is sometimes worse than nothing. It demonstrates the futility and weakness of federal power.

People often wonder why Southern demonstrations tend to sputter out after a vigorous beginning and heroic sacrifice. The answer, simply and inescapably, is that naked force has defeated the Negro. A ruling state apparatus, accustomed for generations to act with impunity against him, is able to employ every element of unchecked power. A slow-moving federal suit, or sporadic and frequently ineffectual federal mediation, is scarcely more adequate to support the Negro in such a one-sided engagement than would be a pat on the back.

Negroes have found nonviolent direct action to be a miraculous method of curbing force, but it is not a cure-all. When the glare of a thousand spotlights illuminates the misdeeds of Southern police, their guns and clubs are temporarily muzzled. Yet so shameless are the mores of the feudal South that even in the presence of millions of witnesses police still employ such

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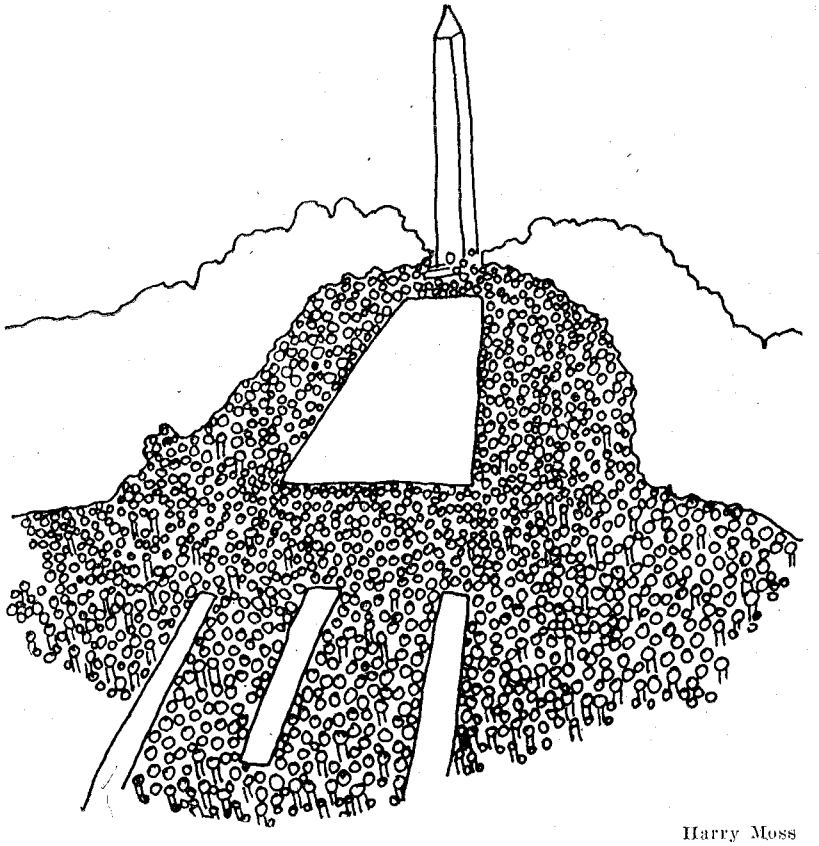
barbaric weapons as the cattle prod and the high-pressure hose. Moreover, when a deed can be cloaked in night, the depravity of conduct is bottomless. The blasting to death of four Sunday school children is such an example. Assassinations, mutilations, floggings and bombings are others.

When the armored car of the Birmingham police rumbled into the spotlight, it was regarded as a grotesque but rare example of local police power run wild. In the past weeks the Mayor of Jackson, Miss., has boasted of the armor he has accumulated for next summer. It includes "Thompson's Tank," a 13,000-pound armored battle wagon, carrying a task force of twelve men armed with shotguns, tear gas and submachine guns. The mobile equipment also includes three troop lorries, two searchlight tanks and three giant trailer trucks, nearly 500 men, plus a reserve pool of deputies, state troopers, civilian city employees and neighborhood citizen patrols. This local army awaits nonviolent demonstrators with undisguised hostility and the familiar trigger-happy eagerness for confrontation.

The inevitable conclusion is that as Negroes have marshaled extraordinary courage to employ nonviolent direct action, they have been left — by the most powerful federal government in the world — almost solely to their own resources to face a massively equipped army. They have endured violence to reveal their plight and to protest it; their government has been able to muster only the minimum courage and determination to aid them.

This contradiction cries out for resolution. Legislation, commissions, bi-racial committees, cannot change a community when those in the seats of power locally are aware that they can organize and employ force while the federal power temporizes. There are governments in some areas of the world today that have no effective control in some regions of their country. The United States a century ago did not have control of areas dominated by unsubdued Indian tribes. But we are nearing the year 2000 and our national power almost defies description. Yet it cannot enforce elementary law even in a dusty rural Southern village.

It is not my intention, in presenting these stark facts, to make a blanket condemnation of this Administration or its predecessor. The Kennedy administration initiated the pending bill and, at this writing, the Johnson Administration has fought off weakening amendments. It would be not only unrealistic, but unfair, to ignore the complexities that face and frequently confound national leaders who have inherited a hundred years of evasions, compromises and malevolence. Nevertheless, to understand difficulties should not be a preparation for surrendering to them.



Harry Moss

Along with the fight to add legislation to the law books, the intolerable conditions of the South require that the Administration look in a new way to its powers and their use. The President and the heads of every relevant agency should allocate the time to study the question; they should literally throw away the key to the room until answers are uncovered.

An example of the creative innovations that might be forthcoming is the assignment in recent years of federal marshals in situations unsuitable for troops. Earlier, no one had thought of using the marshals as a civil rights measure. Yet the federal marshal is well known even to school children; he attained legendary fame in the taming of the West and is exalted today in books, movies and television.

It is a challenge to wonder what the organization of a marshal's corps might do to bring law into the South. Up to now, however creative the idea to use them may have been, they have too often been hastily withdrawn and their recruitment revealed as an emergency measure with no thought that they might remain on the scene for as long as resistance to law required.

Above all, the federal government must not overlook the fact that the heroics of some Southern officials are more impressive for stagecraft than for determination. The battle-clad brigades are designed to terrorize Negroes and to generate alarming illusions of warfare in the timid onlookers, North and South. They will not freeze the blood of Negroes who have cast out their fears. They should not intimidate a federal power that has not hesitated to commit its forces on fronts around the world.

Still another example of creative search through the legal corridors of the federal law was the discovery that the Interstate Commerce Commission had power to require desegregation of interstate buses and terminals. This right of law in sup-

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port of the Freedom Ride movement made possible a relative degree of progress; at the same time, a project that had been born in violence ended in peaceful victory.

Finally, many new elements of the South are as appalled by these histrionics as are citizens of the North. They would welcome the curbing of the up-dated, iron-booted Klansmen. There is genuinely a new South, but it cannot surface without the shelter of federal power and order. The dignity of the federal government would be radiantly enhanced if it arrayed a trained, self-confident force of federal marshals against these armed usurpers who have stomach for battle only with the unarmed and nonviolent.

The country abounds in specialists and experts in law enforcement. If the Administration would summon to the White House a conference of experts to deliberate with the highest officials of government, it could not fail to produce practical and effective answers. The Administration participants should include not only the President but also the National Security Council.

Some of the other participants in a White House session might be the heads of the Treasury law-enforcement agencies. There is a need to know what is going on in conspiratorial racist circles. Many of the shocking bombings might have been avoided if such knowledge had been available. Something must certainly be done to capture those who have with utter impunity caused dozens of bombings across the South. The law-enforcement agencies of Treasury are suggested because the Bureau of Narcotics is extensively experienced in working within secret groups and obtaining effective results. And the alcohol-tax unit of Internal Revenue is probably more familiar with the rural South than is any other agency, because for years it has been tracking down "moonshiners."

These examples are cited, not as outstanding or special, but to suggest that the scope of inquiry should be so wide that no possible key will be overlooked in the search for solutions. If determination is expressed at the highest level, and if it is realized that the prevalent lawlessness of the South must come to an end, the victory cannot fail. The massive power of the federal government, applied with imagination, can make this problem yield.

The necessity for a new approach to the Executive power is not a matter of choice. The new-found strength of the civil rights movement will not vanish or wither. Negroes have learned the strength of their own power and will unleash it again and again. The surge of their revolution must inevitably engulf the nation once more, and if effective methods have not been devised, chaos can result from future confrontations dealt with indecisively. Now is the time to anticipate needs, not when the flames of conflict are raging. This is the lesson the past teaches us. This is the test to which concerned national leaders are put — not by civil rights leaders as such, but by conditions too brutal to be endured, and by justice too long delayed to be justified.

Kuwait

Wall Street of the Middle East . . . Ralph Hewins

The two-year-old New Jersey-sized state of Kuwait, poised between unstable Iraq and medieval Saudi Arabia, aspires to be a hub of finance for the splintered Arab world that stretches from the Persian Gulf to Gibraltar, from Turkey to the Sudan. Or, as numerous berobed millionaires in oil-rich Kuwait say, "the Wall Street of the Middle East."

The idea of traffic in money is a break with Muslem theology, tradition, psychology and practice. For the Koran ordains: "Covet not the gifts by which God raised some of you above others. The men shall have a portion according to their deserts, and the women a portion according to their deserts." Specifically, Muslem Holy Writ adds: "Devour not each other's substance in mutual frivolities," i.e., gambling, usury or speculation. The stock exchange has long seemed the equivalent of a casino to the Arab mind.

Wealth has always been accepted in the Middle East as the arbitrary beneficence of Allah—as booty in tribal warfare up to 1930, and as haphazard petroleum bonanzas since then. It was "manna from Heaven" and was meant to be spent (after prescribed alms giving). The desert Arab scorned bank notes or bonds as idolatrous swindles. He hoarded his riches in the form of gold or specie, jewelry or silks, horses, camels or slaves. For example, the British lost the fabulous Saudi Arabian oil concession in 1931 because they would not produce £20,000 in sovereigns (the coveted "horsemen of St. George"). Sheik Shakbut of dwarf Abdu Dhabhi, the new Arabian oil billionaire, stores royalties as bullion in a cellar of his tumble-down palace and keeps the keys on his belt.

The identification of investment with usury, the notion that human interference with divine distribution of riches is a sin, has handicapped the Muslem world for centuries. The Ottoman Empire left financial management to Greeks, Armenians and Jews; in Pakistan, Hindus became the tycoons, and in pre-Nasser Egypt, Levantines were the business elite. The oil sheiks' extravagance, the corruption of the effendi (professional) class and the baksheesh cries of the poor remain symptoms of Arab society's aversion to money as a fructifying force. Such attitudes, surviving in puritanical Saudi Arabian circles, help to explain why princely spendthrifts and the scarcity of modern institutions are accepted fatalistically; why foreigners are distrusted, disliked and restricted. It is why oil sheiks there and elsewhere in Arabia still "invest" in such unproductive luxuries as palaces at home or numbered bank accounts abroad. A quick

Ralph Hewins is a journalist and author; among his books are Count Folke Bernadotte *(T. S. Denison & Co.),* The Richest American: J. Paul Getty *(E. P. Dutton) and* A Golden Dream: The Miracle of Kuwait *(W. H. Allen).*

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profit in real estate is as far as their business imagination is likely to stretch.

But the dealing in stocks and shares or investing in a limited liability company, though highly unorthodox procedures, have not taken hold fortuitously in Kuwait. Set at the head of the Persian Gulf, Kuwait has always been open to foreign influence. It borders on the classical trade route via Iraq which links European markets with Oriental products. It is also a natural entrepôt for the desert. Kuwait became a cosmopolitan trading post when its founding families fled the internecine warfare of Central Arabia about 1710, and established their separate political identity by negotiations with Ottoman Turkey in 1756. Later, Turks, Russians, Germans and French coveted the little country, and that is why it became a British "protected state" in 1899.

The early Kuwaitis became fishermen, as well as graziers, and soon graduated to seafaring on magnificent dhows which they built from imported Indian timber and preserved with shark oil. They sailed not only to India for raw materials, silks, spices and metal wares, but to Africa for masts and spars and, above all, slaves. Kuwait produced the fiercest pirate in the violent history of the Persian Gulf—the ragged, one-eyed, scarred Rahma bin Jabir. Kuwaitis were also great pearl fishers, a trade that presupposes foreign contacts.

Ideologically, the Kuwaitis have never been dogmatic. They left bigotry behind in Saudi Arabia and have held it at bay for two centuries. Schismatic Muslems from Iraq, Persia and India have always inhabited the country, along with the orthodox majority; Christians have never been persecuted or shunned. Relations with Britain have been harmonious since the East India Company established a depot in Kuwait in 1776. Indeed, Kuwait has resumed its military alliance with Britain since assuming full control of its diplomacy and commerce on June 19, 1961. Teetotalism, the veil and the abstinence of the Ramadan fast are still customary, but Kuwaitis are not strict Muslems and the younger, Westernized set yearns for a night-club civilization.

Above all, the Kuwaitis are interested in business—so much so that the monocled Anglo-Irishman, Archie Chisholm, who obtained half the onshore oil concessions for British Petroleum in 1933, describes them as "the Glaswegians of the Middle East." These hardheaded merchants with soft hands, silken robes and impeccable manners were bound eventually to become stock exchange minded.

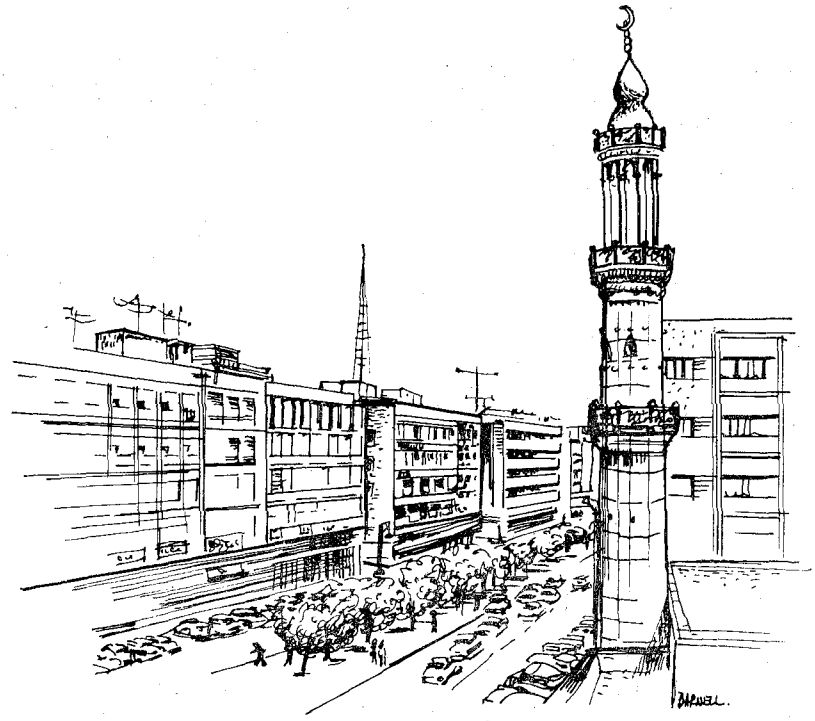
The present stimulus has been supplied by the enlightened ruler, Sheik Abdullah al Salim Al Sabah, sixty-eight, who succeeded his cousin and brother-in-law in 1950. He has also imbued his intelligentsia with a civic pride and communal spirit that contrasts with the personal extravagance of neighboring Arabs and with spasmodic development plans in Iraq and Iran.

Abdullah was appointed treasurer by his penurious predecessor during an economic crisis of the pre-oil age in 1930. After a long frontier war, artificial boundaries had been imposed by Britain on Kuwait, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. In a huff, King Ibn Saud imposed an embargo on trade with Kuwait. British subsidies dried up. Steam ousted sail and cultured pearls came in. The Great Depression was on. Revolution was in the air and the merchant oligarchy demanded constitutional rights.

Providentially, Abdullah was the right man in the right place at the right time. Unlike other sheiks, he was bent on self-improvement (he had a passage from *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* translated to him daily). He was steeped in Arab poetry and history, cut a good figure in a war dance and took part in falconry, the Arab "sport of kings," with a champion bird prophetically named "Petrol." His early statesmanship was such that his main duties, distribution of grain and sugar as relief, and supervision of the pound sterling budget, were accomplished without antagonizing the avaricious ruler, the grasping merchants or the impoverished populace.

In 1934, Abdullah was nominated heir presumptive by the Sabah family council; on his accession, accordingly, he was well established and experienced, noted for his benignity, industry, caution and tact. After two years in power, his traditional source of British oil supplies was cut off when Mossadegh, the lachrymose and pajamaed millionaire Premier of Iran, nationalized the British Petroleum Company. Production in Kuwait had hitherto been lethargic, but the Anglo-American management now expanded at breakneck speed. Thus, Abdullah found that Kuwait's boundaries enclosed the greatest oil field in the world.

It is a pear-shaped field, covering



Fahd As-Salem Street, Kuwait

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100 square miles, one-third of the world's known reserves and one and a half times those of the United States. The pressure at the wells is 225 times stronger than the best American well.

In 1950, Kuwait's revenue was only £4 million, but by 1952 it had leaped to £20 million, and in 1962 it exceeded £200 million a year. New fields have been discovered by Kuwait Oil Co. Aminoil, an American consortium headed by Phillips of Bartlesville, Okla., and J. Paul Getty, often called the richest American, have discovered great deposits in the Neutral Zone to the south, which is jointly and indivisibly owned by Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

The Japanese, headed by the very daring Taro Yamahsita, have staked their largest (£60 million) overseas investment forty miles offshore from the zone. In 1961, they at once hit an extension of Aramco's prolific Safaniya field, off Saudi Arabia, and now they have at least forty producing wells. Last summer, the Japanese discovered still another underwater field further north off the zone, thus enhancing prospects for Shell's £30 million investment off Kuwait proper.

So Kuwait's royalties soar. In addition, the young Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (all Arab oil countries, including Egypt, and non-Arab Iran, Indonesia and Venezuela are members) shows promise of squeezing better than 50-50 terms from the Western companies, to whom some terse Kuwaiti and Saudi letters have recently been addressed. Not even Texas has seen a comparable growth. Some £1,500 million have been banked in Abdullah's name in twelve years and a cash crescendo is mounting in his coffers as world requirements grow.

Foreseeing these riches, he earmarked a third for development, a third for reserve and a third for public expenditure. Wealth has been spread systematically—not only to the ruling Sabah family and the merchant oligarchy, but among the peasants, too—mainly by state purchases of hitherto cheap land at prices soaring to £50 a square foot. Income is now £750 per head of the 350,000 inhabitants, and the state provides such fringe benefits that living standards compare with those in America.

A typical mud-walled Arab dhow port is transformed into a gleaming, air-conditioned, modern city, unique in Islam. Government buildings, schools and hospitals are superb. The world's busiest oil port and largest sea-water distillation plant are operating. A magnificent university, a deep-water commercial port and a civil airport are coming off the drawing board. Roads and traffic are positively American.

A complete welfare state covers health, education and housing. It outdoes Sweden and costs ten times more per head than the British model. School children receive free clothing, food and pocket money. Electricity, water and telephones are free. There is no income tax, and indirect taxation is negligible. So are rents in the workers' new quarters. Where there was only sand ten years ago, parks and gardens now flourish—though the upkeep on a single tree is £50 a year. Even so, the golden avalanche piles up. Kuwaiti holdings abroad are estimated at £900 million, including private funds, although the official figure is merely £240 million.

By 1961, Abdullah became afraid of drowning in oil. Easy loans were started to envious Arab sister nations: £7 million to the Sudan for railways; £7 million to Jordan for irrigation and light industry; £2 million to Algeria for refugees; £30 million recently to Iraq for reconstruction. In 1962, Kuwait set up a £50 million Arab Development Fund to issue bonds, back loans and raise funds in excess of the capital outlay, with a view to further subsidizing welfare, research and reconstruction throughout the entire Arab world. First grants were to backward sheikdoms along the Persian Gulf. Last year the fund was expanded into Kuwait International Consultants, Ltd., with a potential capital of £500 million aimed at massive finance for Arab progress. At the head is Dr. Eugene Black (ex-President of the World Bank) and a team of comparable international experts. "This will be one of the world's greatest financial forces," Dr. Black declares.

Most ambitious project, and dearest to the hearts of Kuwaitis who still lack fresh water is the diversion of the Tigris-Euphrates (Shatt al Arab) into the desert hinterland of Kuwait, Iraq and Saudi Arabia to create a "garden of Eden," TVA style.

Joint stock companies are proliferating in most fields of modern enterprise, including petro-chemicals, automation and electronics, and the effect will be to reduce restrictive Muslem practices outside Kuwait and to hasten progress toward "Arab unity," without which rapid and general modernization cannot take place.

Having shown the way to creative investment, Kuwaitis expect other Arabs to participate, and so to create a real "Wall Street of the Middle East."

THE GOP
Liberal Origins and the Future . . . Arthur Larson

We hear a lot these days from the right-wing about "returning to the first principles of Republicanism."

I wonder if these spokesmen realize that:

•The Republican Party, in its origins, was primarily a labor party.

•The "father of the Republican Party" was the secretary and treasurer of a workingmen's association called the Industrial Congress.

•Most categories of labor and social legislation were initiated by Republican enactments.

A second mistaken notion about the origins of the Republican Party, along with the idea that it was historically the party of conservatism and big business, is the assumption that it began primarily as an anti-slavery party. It became an anti-slavery party, but its deepest roots were in the homestead movement.

The first workingmen's party in

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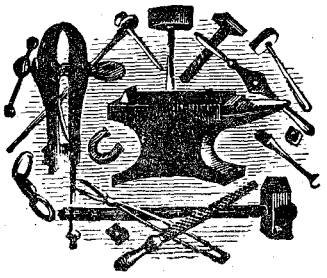
the United States was founded in 1829 in New York. Its ideologist and spokesman was George Henry Evans, a printer who had served his apprenticeship in Ithaca, N.Y. This party had one central program: the opening of the great public lands of the West to free homesteading by individuals. It wanted these lands opened, not so much for the sake of those who would claim the homesteads, as for the sake of those who stayed behind in the cities. At that



time a severe surplus of labor was developing in the urban centers. The available agricultural lands did not provide an outlet for this surplus, because they were already largely settled, and were themselves developing a surplus of agricultural labor. In the absence of strong labor organization, or of wage-and-hour legislation, or of anything else except the play of economic forces in the labor market, the law of supply and demand was driving wages down to pitiful levels. For the same reasons, high rents and bad working conditions were prevalent. When the agricultural lands of the Great Plains loomed as a possible outlet for this surplus labor, it is no wonder that the demand for a homestead act was the central program around which the first workingmen's party in the United States rallied.

The labor-party movement was temporarily crushed by the panic of 1837, but was revived again in 1844. Evans resumed publication of his paper, *The Workingman's Advocate*. Later he changed the name of the paper to *Young America*. Evans and his associates, still concentrating on the homestead issue, formed a party called the National Reformers, which attempted to persuade the candidates of the regular parties to support a homestead law and which, failing this, would sometimes offer its own candidates.

In 1845, this workingmen's group of New York got together with the New England Workingmen's Association and assembled a national convention called the Industrial Congress. It met periodically from 1845 to 1856.

Major Bovay, a disciple of George Henry Evans, was secretary and treasurer of the Industrial Congress. Major Bovay was also the "father of the Republican Party." On February 28, 1854, in the Congregational Church at Ripon, Wis., he called to order the first recorded meeting of "Republicans."

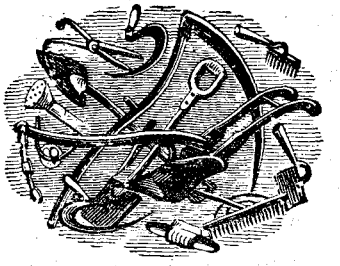
Major Bovay is said to have suggested the name "Republican Party" to Horace Greeley, but as far back as 1846, a passage in Evans' paper stated that the advent of the National Reformers had ushered in an era when there "will be but two parties, the great Republican Party of Progress and the little Tory Party of Holdbacks."

This is, of course, a simplified and streamlined account of the origins of the Republican Party, which had other roots and other reputed "fathers." However, the other man most often referred to as father of the party, Rep. Galusha A. Grow, was notable also chiefly for his championing of the homestead cause. His famous speech on a homestead bill in 1852, entitled "Man's Right to the Soil," was taken almost entirely from the pages of *The Workingman's Advocate*.

The spokesman for the emerging Republican Party was Horace Greeley. It was his paper, *The Tribune* (the direct lineal ancestor of the present New York *Herald Tribune*), which spread throughout most of the country the ideas which resulted in the spontaneous formation of the Republican Party in many different places in 1854. As to *The Tribune*, it would be putting it mildly to say that the paper had a pro-labor slant. In 1845, Horace Greeley definitely accepted the homestead program of Evans, Bovay and the workingmen's party, and from that time on, fostered by Greeley's eloquent writing, the homestead idea spread rapidly through the Northern states. At the same time, Greeley was constantly pushing the idea of ten-hour-day legislation — at a time when the thirteen- or fourteen-hour day was still common, and when compulsory legislative labor standards were unheard of. Two other facts about *The Tribune* might be mentioned, as indicating that Greeley's paper was hardly a conservative organ: One of the regular features of the paper was a column on Utopian Socialism, written by Albert Brisbane; and the paper's chief European correspondent was Karl Marx.

It has already been demonstrated that the workingmen of the cities had a vital interest in the availability of homesteads, but there was another strand of almost equal importance to the founding of the Republican Party and it stemmed from the plight of the younger sons of the farming families on the small grain-producing family farms throughout the area from New England to the Mississippi. Here again, there was no place for the surplus farmers to go except to the new lands of the West.

The overpowering economic importance, therefore, of the free-soil issue to both the laborers and the farmers was clear enough. The workingmen's and farmers' violent



feeling about preventing the spread of slavery to the new lands of the West was the result of the obvious fact that you could not have homesteading and slavery on the same land. A slave-supported plantation economy could not exist on individual quarter sections of land. These people were free soilers because they were first pro-homesteaders.

In 1854, the country was teeming with discontented groups which had broken away from the Whig and Democratic parties. All that was needed was a single galvanizing idea to bring them together. Most of them had broken away on the free-soil question, notably the Conscience Whigs, the Independent Democrats and the others who met

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at Buffalo in 1848 in the Free Soil Convention.

The electrifying event which almost overnight transformed these scattered and disaffected fragments into a powerful political party was the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which made possible the extension through local option of slavery to the new territories. Dr. John R. Commons, in a superb essay on "Horace Greeley and the Working Class Origins of the Republican Party" in the *Political Science Quarterly*, Volume XXIV, No. 3 (1909), put it this way:

> *On this land issue the Republican Party suddenly appeared. Its members came together by a magic attraction, as crystals appear in a chilled solution.*

Of the major strands which were woven together into the Republican Party, the third important strand was, of course, the antislavery movement, represented by such groups as the Liberal Party of the 1840s, which was basically an antislavery party, motivated as much by the economic threat of slavery as by moral repulsion against the institution. In addition, largely because of a common interest on the free-soil issue, from one point of view or another there came together in the Republican Party the most spectacularly multi-interest assortment imaginable: free soilers, Independent Democrats, Conscience Whigs, Know-Nothings, Barnburners, abolitionists, soft Hunkers, teetotalers, vegetarians, transcendentalists, small farmers, merchants, mill laborers, home workers, Constitutional Unionists from the border states and, of course, the workingmen's party, the Liberal Party, the Industrial Congress, the National Reformer and the publishers of *The Workingman's Advocate*.

One should also add the great literary figures of the time. A. M. Simons says of the early Republican Party:

> *Whittier wrote its campaign song, Lowell translated its doctrines into poetry, while Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and Motley were some of the names high in American literature counted on its membership roll.*

In summary, the progression of ideas in the origin of the Republican Party was this: to improve the lot of both urban workers and small farmers required opening the soil of the West to homesteading; to achieve homesteading required implacable opposition to the admission of slavery by local territorial option in the new territories; and finally opposition to slavery in new territories eventually merged into opposition to slavery as such. And so it was that the Republican Party became the antislavery party — because it was first of all the homestead party. Significantly, the Republican Party's first major act on attaining power was the passage of the Homestead Act of 1862.

The fact that the Republican Party was in origin a labor party more than anything else surprises some people, but historians have always known it. For example, W. E. Binkley, in *American Political Parties: Their Natural History*, says:

> *No element of the Republican combination was more substantial than that of labor. . . .*

A. C. Cole, in *If Lincoln Were Living Today*, says:

> *A new Republican Party was being launched under the aegis of Horace Greeley and other prophets, a party intended in many ways to be an American labor party.*

At a later point, Professor Binkley adds:

> *The Republican Party had been under Lincoln's leadership a labor party in a sense, and the success of the McKinley-Hanna leadership was, in a high degree, due to the party's recapture of the industrial laborers. . . .*

Once this labor origin of the Republican Party is understood, one can go on to add, without risking incredulity, that in practically every category of labor and social legislation the first enactments were Republican achievements. A Republican President and Congress established the first eight-hour day, in 1868. Republicans created the first Bureau of Labor and raised it to cabinet rank and made it the present Department of Labor. As early as 1896, Republicans demanded in their party platform a federal law guaranteeing the right to join unions and bargain collectively, and a Republican administration in 1898 enacted legislation to forbid the firing of railroad employees for union membership. The first workmen's compensation law to survive was passed in a Republican administration — a law for federal employees. Republican state governments pioneered in workmen's compensation, child-labor laws and old-age assistance. The Railway Labor Act was a Republican enactment. The Davis-Bacon Act requiring payment of prevailing wage rates on government construction contracts, was a Republican measure. The Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932, which set the stage for later labor gains by prohibiting labor injunctions and effectively removing the threat of antitrust weapons against union activity, was enacted by Republicans.

These items are emphasized in order to make the point that the labor connections of the Republican Party were not something merely quaint and freakish, holding only a wry historic interest. Perhaps the most telling fact in this connection is that President McKinley, the Republican most often selected as the very archetype of reactionary old-fogyism, was actively pro-labor.

McKinley first became famous because he was the only lawyer who had the courage to defend some strikers indicted in connection with violence in the course of a strike in the Rhodes and Company coal mine at Massillon, Ohio. He obtained acquittal of all but one. Gompers was a good friend of McKinley and wrote of him:

> *He would frequently ask me to the White House to see him and sometimes I would ask for the privilege. At no time was I disappointed.*

Marcus A. Hanna, who was one of the great forces in McKinley's life and administration, was widely known for his pro-labor views, colorfully and profanely expressed on many occasions. In fact, he is credited with having originated the practice of dealing with labor through the device of the collectively bargained contract.

It may be hoped that this brief look at the forgotten origins of the Republican Party will be useful in several ways. Perhaps it will help put an end to the tiresome invocation of the "first principles" of the Republican Party by their worst contemporary enemies. In addition, perhaps the historical evidence will spare some of the modern exponents of the first principles of Republicanism from the repeated charge that they are "not true Republicans." Moreover, this glance at history is enough to show what a

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mockery it is to suggest that the best expression of genuine Republicanism would be for the most conservative Republicans to form an alliance with the most conservative Democrats of the South. This combination was precisely what the Republican Party was formed to combat. The common enemy of early Republicanism was the alliance of certain Northern businessmen with the plantation aristocracy of the South. According to A. M. Schlesinger, in *New Viewpoints in American History*, one man — William B. Astor—is said to have contributed $1 million to try to defeat Lincoln and the Republican ticket in New York. Professor Binkley writes:

> *The great merchants of the North were in a panic over the possibility that Lincoln's election would provoke secession, which threatened them in that contingency with the loss of their trade and of two hundred million dollars due them from southern customers . . . so vigorously did finance capitalism fight Lincoln that Greeley likened the "commercial furor" against the Republican Party to the hysteria over the bank controversy in Jackson's time.*

If some Republicans want to try to turn the Republican Party into the equivalent of the Democratic Party of 1860, leaving the Democratic Party of today to become the Republican Party of 1860, that may be their privilege — but not while flying banners calling for a return to the first principles of the Republican Party.

Appalachia

The Path From Disaster . . . . . Harry Caudill

Whitesburg, Ky.

America has recently discovered that a sub-nation of paupers is hidden within its opulent structure. During the past year television commentators, newspaper reporters and photographers, sociologists and assorted government agents have swarmed through the Kentucky mountains, and have beamed a panorama of misery into practically every living room in the country. To a man, the invaders have been baffled by the huddled ugliness and want that scar the landscape.

The Cumberland Plateau of Eastern Kentucky is the hard, bleak core of Appalachia, and Appalachia is a huge region of stagnation that extends through parts of nine states from Pennsylvania to Alabama. It is the largest and the best known of the islands of poverty that endure, and grow, in the United States.

In the Kentucky hills, dozens of drab little towns and mining camps and thousands of dilapidated shacks stretch up a maze of creeks and hollows. Heaps of junked automobiles clutter the roadsides and incredible quantities of trash and garbage clog the silted streams.

The roads are little more than ribbons of mud which wind through countless communities that travelers on the main highways never see. The schools fall so far short of national standards that the high school graduate generally possesses little more learning than an eighth grader in more fortunate parts of the country. The housing, if the word can be applied without irony to many of the shacks, is so poor that in November, President Kennedy ordered an emergency program to preserve the health of the people until spring. Grants of up to $1,000 per family were extended for flooring, roofing, shingles and other essential repairs.

Amid this squalor dwells a people so thoroughly pauperized that at least 50 per cent of them are dependent upon the dole and public-assistance grants for their daily bread. The reduction of this land, once so rich in natural resources, to such shabby dejection is one of the tragedies of history. The region never had good schools because the frontiersmen who settled it six generations ago were almost entirely out of contact with formal education, and the state government never required that good schools be built. Industrialists were able to buy up the mineral wealth for a pittance long before its value was recognized by the mountaineers, and, in effect, the region was placed at the mercy of a few score absentee corporations. For more than half a century the land has been systematically looted of every valuable thing within or upon it. Its timber has been converted into lumber, furniture, railroad ties and whiskey barrels. What wood escaped "development" for these purposes was sawed into props for the coal mines. Hundreds of millions of tons of coal were hauled away to distant factories. During all this orgy of extraction only the most minimal investment was made in schools and other regional facilities.

Until after the Second World War the coal industry was a mass employer of men. Abundant investment capital and advancing technology threw 100,000 American coal miners into abrupt obsolescence at almost the same moment in history as the Kentucky log forests played out and the worn mountain farms became so exhausted that crops were no longer worth the planting. The mountaineer's agricultural methods have always been extremely primitive, and his continual search for "new grounds" brought the soil to almost total ruin.

When this alarming situation was reached fifteen years ago, the nation made a grave decision, though not a conscious one. It determined that the mountaineer, though scarcely worth rehabilitating, was none the less an American and could not be permitted to starve to death. Half the population was put on the dole, receiving monthly issues of rations out of the scandalously large national stores of agricultural commodities. After fifteen years of "molly-grub," idleness, frustration and bewilderment the mountaineer is so demoralized that outsiders who see him almost invariably throw up their hands and flee back to the cities to tell the awful story. No one in this ingenious age has offered a real solution for his difficulties and at least one gentleman, long an adviser to Kentucky's governors, has remarked that the problems of the

Harry Caudill, an attorney of Whitesburg, Ky., is author of Night Comes to the Cumberland *(Little, Brown).*

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Kentucky mountains are past solution.

This attitude is ridiculous. If we would help the Kentucky mountaineer, we must look at him frankly, disabuse our minds of old and erroneous notions, and start a rehabilitation program geared to the needs of the man and his land.

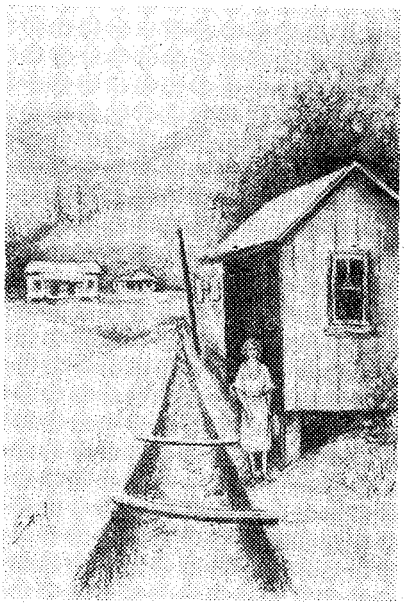
Government programs thus far have been geared to teaching the mountaineer to farm, and year after year they have come to naught. The mountaineer is not a farmer. Few of these highlanders have farmed for a living in the last generation and most of them have been out of touch with the soil for more than half a century. They are in the main industrial workers and to them the earth is scarcely more than an expanse of dirt covering quantities of coal. Historically, it has been practically impossible to convert industrialized or urbanized people back to the land, and the Kentucky mountaineer has been no exception to this rule.

If he is to work again, it must be for industry. The immediate question is: "What can the mountaineer produce that the nation needs in large quantities?" When the nature of his land is considered, the answer is inescapable: electricity.

The Appalachian coal field is within less than a thousand miles of practically all the nation's great population centers, with the exception of Los Angeles. For more than half a century the electric power demands of the nation have doubled every eight years and experts foresee a quadrupling of electric power needs by 1980. The Edison Electric Institute has estimated that the staggering total of $175 billion will have to be invested in new generating facilities in the next twenty years if an electric-power famine is to be avoided. Thus the Appalachian coal field sits in the middle of a great and rapidly growing power market.

The corrugated landscape is streaked by swift-flowing and filthy creeks. Thousands of acres of mountainous terrain have been turned upside down by strip miners gouging out the coal. Forty-five to fifty inches of rainfall strikes this tortured earth each year, lashing the region's towns and scattered hamlets with ferocious flash floods. In eastern Kentucky alone, more than 3 billion tons of coal lie unmined.

The land and people cry out for a Regional Authority comparable to the TVA and charged with a mandate to develop the total resources of the region for the nation's benefit. A modernized version of the TVA could restore the region to beauty and usefulness without any ultimate cost to the taxpayers. As in the valley of the Tennessee it should invoke that mighty trinity:



water, electric power and fertilizer. An investment of approximately $1 billion could restore eastern Kentucky to productivity and, by present standards, to prosperity.

On the experience of the Tennessee Valley Authority such an agency could repay its investment with interest within thirty or thirty-five years, thus enabling the nation to retrieve this lost land and people while assuring recovery of its entire investment.

The authority should be established by Congress as a corporate body. The region's turbulent rivers and creeks should be restrained by strings of dams which would simultaneously provide substantial reservoirs for both recreational and industrial uses. Of more immediate importance, the lakes could supply cooling water for immense coal-burning electric generators. The development of mine-mouth power plants, plus construction of rather small peaking-period hydro plants, is the most likely solution to the area's troubles. The availability of an abundance of low-cost power would attract light manufacturing industries—particularly those using wood or coal derivatives—and commence a cycle of economic diversification. Five plants similar in size to those operated by TVA and situated on the fringes of the plateau would consume nearly 500 carloads of fuel per day. The surplus power could be conveyed by new high-voltage systems to any load center in the nation. This immense market could restore the moribund coal industry to prosperity and send at least 3,500 mountaineers back into the pits.

The region is presently dying for lack of revenue for investment in schools and other public facilities. Congress should charge the corporation with the stern duty to plow back into regional development in the impoverished counties at least one mill per kilowatt-hour produced. Such an investment in schools, roads, libraries, health facilities, reforestation and land reclamation could work a genuine miracle in transforming the whole face of the land. Most of the expenses of the authority could be paid out of the proceeds of power sales. However, it should not be expected to pay the entire cost of regional renaissance from income. The population of the United States is mushrooming at such a fantastic rate that current estimates envision one billion Americans by 2065. An unavoidable duty to our posterity should impel us to set many of the idle mountaineers to work reforesting the hillsides so that the multitudes who will crowd into the country on our own departing footsteps will find this tattered region in a state fit for their occupancy.

Obviously this scheme cannot work unless it is hedged with certain safeguards. Most urgently needed is an act of Congress to prohibit the strip mining of coal in the steep Appalachian Mountains. This atrocious practice is transforming vast areas of forest land into desert, silting up countless miles of public waterways, rendering the countryside hideous to look at, and wasting immense quantities of coal — coal that can never be mined by any presently known method of recovery.

A national agency is the appropriate device. The water and mud pouring down from the highlands cross state lines, as do the coal shipments. Similarly the region's problems are being transmitted at a quickening tempo to the na-

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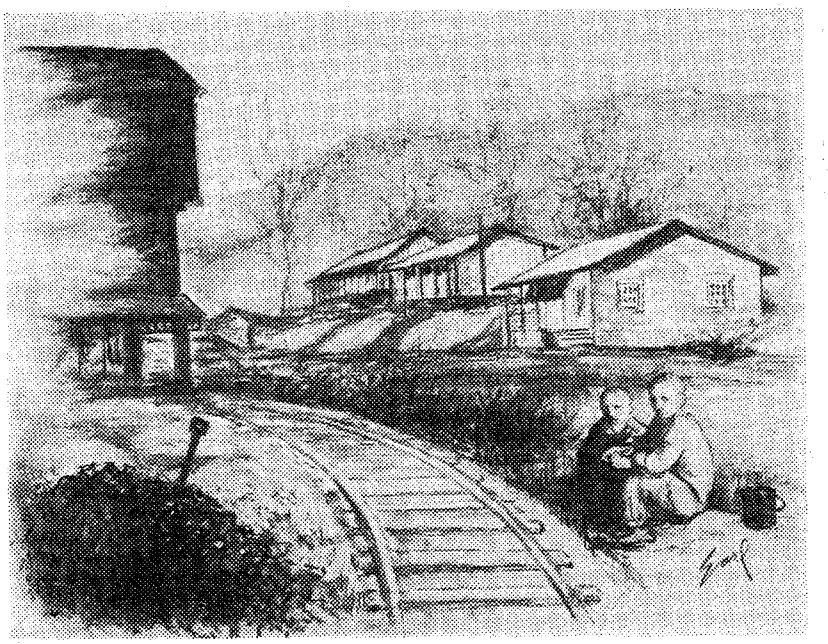
tion's cities, so that the tragedy of Appalachian deterioration forces itself upon the mind and conscience of the entire country. Unless national solutions for its ills are found, Appalachia will become a rotting corpse nauseating our national system.

The authority must be vested with power to discipline the inhabitants into acceptance of normal social standards. The dumping of trash and garbage into waterways ought to be sternly suppressed. Sanitary trash disposal centers should be established and the unsightly junkyards should be swept away from the roadsides.

There is nothing radical or visionary about this scheme. The mechanics have been tested and proved in the Tennessee Valley and the Columbia River Basin. The risk of financial loss is minimal, since the growth of the nation will virtually guarantee a reliable market for the region's product. Spokesmen for the Southeastern Power Administration have repeatedly asserted that it could market the area's entire power output — both hydro and steam — without any foreseeable difficulty. As the coal reserves decline, a cleaned-up countryside, glistening with lakes and green with new forests, would make possible the adaptation of the land to other uses. Thus a 10,000-square-mile territory presently reverting to wasteland could find a stable place within the national framework.

In April, 1963, President Kennedy appointed a committee — the President's Appalachian Regional Commission — to make a careful study of the woes of Appalachia and recommend remedial legislation for submission to the Congress. Under the chairmanship of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., the group conscientiously and zealously tackled its task. In protracted tours of the Appalachian backlands its members acquired an excellent grasp of the problem. As might have been expected, they found a monumental lack of interest in several state houses. In some states effective political machines have been constructed on the servile support of a "kept" population of "welfare voters." Local political pressures thus enforce the *status quo* and are exerted strongly upon state officials.

The commission's report to President Johnson was released on February 25. It recognizes the essential



difference between foreign aid and domestic welfare programs, and sees the fallacy of the latter:

By Congressional directive, our foreign aid funds are spent to build institutions and provide the structure for self-generative growth; by tradition we spend welfare funds in Appalachia to sustain over a million American families in unproductive destitution. . . .

The commission's recommendations are excellent — as far as they go. They contemplate an investment of about $1 billion in east Kentucky in an effort to lift it to the threshold of a self-supporting economy. Principally, this capital investment would go for education, highways, airports, recreational and flood-control lakes, reforestation of private lands and the establishment of a huge new national forest. All these are essential objectives.

The difficulty with the report is threefold: it contemplates a weak state-federal agency to sponsor regional renaissance, it omits any provision for utilization of the immense coal beds, and it does not contemplate any effective effort to upgrade the schools to normal national standards. The suggested development corporation would divide responsibility between Washington and the state capitals. It would thereby place in the hands of dozens of potent county political machines the indirect power to veto or cripple any undertaking deemed too disturbing to the ultraconservative courthouse cliques.

In many areas — and in eastern Kentucky particularly — the sole industrial resource of any real consequence is coal. To undertake the rehabilitation of an idled mass of industrial workmen without resort to their principal industrial resource would appear to be as difficult as dipping water with a sieve. As one jobless coal miner remarked, "It looks like they're going to make a wrecked car run without fixin' its engine!"

Roads, schools, housing and recreation would be largely useless without a basic livelihood for the population. On the other hand, development and use of its minerals, water and forests would bring the wealth so produced to the people, and the niceties of highways, schools, libraries, medical facilities, recreation and decent housing would inevitably follow. I do not believe it can be done the other way around.

In any event, a better future is likely to evolve for the Kentucky mountaineer. Victimized by politicians and industrialists, he has been tossed by the thousands onto a human junk heap. Now the prying eye of the news camera has spotted him shuffling in the shadows, a figure from the last century lost in an era of cybernetics and ever-quickening change. He is not likely to be forgotten again. Whether his rehabilitation is to be achieved by direct and simple methods approved by experience and common sense or by a more cumbersome and costly approach remains to be seen. But the undertaking itself is not likely to be delayed much longer.

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John P. McCall

A revolution in the teaching of English from grade schools to universities has begun. As it takes shape it will create plenty of noise and even more consternation because, in effect, everything is being questioned about the teaching of language, literature and writing on every level of our schooling.

Several distinguished English professors have voiced strong and sweeping criticism of the *status quo*. William Riley Parker's comment on curricula — that he cannot assume "a single book read by everyone" in his graduate classes — has often been cited. The dean of Western Reserve, John S. Diekhoff, has called all present methodologies into doubt: "I am not sure I know how to teach English, in college or anywhere else. The only thing I am sure of is that there must be a better way." Such blasts have had their effect; in a speech before the Modern Language Association the U.S. Commissioner of Education issued a warning which clearly pointed to the necessity for federal aid to the humanities comparable to that now available to the sciences. A Congress which seems moved to action only when the panic button is pushed doubtless needs to hear strong words from respected men. Unfortunately, we cannot depend on the Russians to stimulate us into putting literacy in orbit.

High School English Textbooks provides some new fuel for the revolution, by way of exhaustive research rather than manifestoes. What the authors have done only a dedicated pair of scholars would undergo. They have read through seventy-two anthologies of literature and fourteen (chiefly four volumes) sets of texts for grammar and composition, both groups for high school use. It is remarkable that they are still sane.

Rated first and second as sources for anthologists' short stories are *Saturday Evening Post* and the late *Collier's*, and rated eighth to eleventh in frequency of use are *This Week*, *Story*, *Boy's Life* and *Seventeen*. In one anthology, of "twenty-two pieces called essays, ten are newspaper or magazine articles, eight are excerpts from books of various kinds, one is a poem and one is a series of discrete aphorisms. Not more than two could properly be classed as essays." Famous texts are freely cut, altered and "adapted," often without notice, or as in one case (with the text of *Ivanhoe*) accompanied by vapid editorial comment: the complete novel "would be long, dull reading," so the "dull passages that do nothing toward furthering the action" are deleted. Topical headings by editors are sometimes remarkably imaginative, as when Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break" appears under "The Social Swing," and Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" under "Manufacture."

On the average, 34 per cent of the space in anthologies (and in one case 54 per cent) is devoted to editorial apparatus of often dubious value. When one editor remarks that "In *Hamlet* there are several villains, but none more despicable than an old man named Polonius," and another suggests such topics for discussion as "Planning a teen-age dance and party" and "How to be popular," the reader may well wonder whether the one has read the play and the other read anything at all.

Despite a host of such pieces of idiocy, however, the authors maintain a surprising poise and equilibrium; they even manage to present a sensible series of conclusions and recommendations for improvement. In fact, the great merit of their book is that it is critical *and* conservative. They go out of their way to praise whatever they can in the content, organization, commentary and accuracy in individual volumes. It is typical of their approach that they castigate what they consider the best anthology series (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1949), but observe that without much effort "several of the present series could be vastly improved": poor ones made good and mediocre ones excellent.

As the weaknesses of these volumes are widely recognized they will be dismissed. "Teachers are glad to see them go," says Paul Diederich of the Educational Testing Service, "but they have agreed upon nothing to replace them as the common core of adolescent reading." There is a danger, and Lynch and Evans take it into account, that hasty remedies may turn out worse than the old disease.

When the authors turn to the series of volumes for grammar and composition, their findings are less startling, their recommendations almost equally applicable to all items they examined. They suggest in place of the usual four separate volumes for grades 9-12 (totaling some 2,000 pages) a single text of about 200 pages for use as needed in all four years; in addition, they urge that "writing activities" be translated from these series to the anthologies of literature which, now, normally suggest writing only about 3 per cent of the time.

Such devastatingly simple advice is reminiscent of Pertelote's to Chauntecleer ("To purge yow bynethe and eek above"). Out of the grammar books go the old repetitions in new covers; out go the misplaced efforts to treat motivation and manners, television and parliamentary procedure; out go the amateur efforts at linguistics and the professional instructions in letter-folding and envelope-licking. Indeed, the authors look forward to the day when instead of asking twelfth graders if they would like to write on "My Father Believes in Discipline" or "He Was Just a Happy Little Dog," they may be told to write a paragraph comparing Hamlet and Laertes.

But in spite of its detailed criticism, this is a hopeful book. It goes to the awful brink to show some ways of surviving. Moreover, what it suggests within a limited area has many ramifications. It provides not only a plan for timid editors and publishers, but a stern warning to administrators and interested parents. If the authors are unconcerned with local circumstances, conventions and pressures, that is as it should be, for theirs is a simple lesson in ideals.

Lynch and Evans should also remind college English departments of the strange goings-on in freshman courses and the textbooks which those courses have spawned. One recent "Anthology for Writers," which its sales representative claimed to be more literary than most, contains such belletristic items as "The Kick of an

John McCall is associate professor of English Literature at Georgetown University.

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Electric Eel," "How Animals Run" (with diagrams), and even "Why Men Fall in Love" (without diagrams). And one of the most serious freshman readers in print arranges many of its items under such rubrics as "The Meaning of Property," "The Concept of Virtue," "Is the Will Free?" and "About Russia 1927-1936." There is a mature irrelevancy here not unlike that found in high school texts which asks students to read and write about teen-age mores.

Indeed, if many high school English texts expect teachers to be a cross between Ann Landers, Dorothy Kilgallen and a girl scout leader, many more college texts ask their instructors to be half-baked philosophers, biologists and political scientists. There is no end to such nonsense unless English teachers insist that literature is a discipline worth teaching on every level, and that it can be taught along with writing. These simple assumptions, in fact, underline much of the Lynch and Evans study and explain its strength. They also can console English teachers faced with a landslide of slick ugliness.

Why Not Dresden?

THE DESTRUCTION OF DRESDEN. By David Irving. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 255 pp. $4.95.

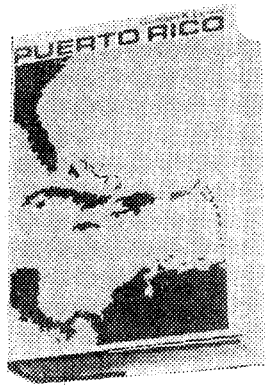
Warren Miller

In February, 1945, the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force carried out three raids on Dresden, destroying the city and killing 130,000 civilians, almost twice the number killed at Hiroshima. Dresden was nearly defenseless. A few German fighter aircraft managed to get into the air, but there was no flak; indeed, there could not have been because the antiaircraft installations had long since been removed to the Russian front and replaced by papier-mâché guns on the town's outskirts. Dresden, a city of historical and art treasures, was considered Germany's air-raid shelter. Its military value was insubstantial and in no way proportionate to the massive death and destruction meted out.

Why then was the city bombed? Given the R.A.F.'s theory of area bombing — or mass murder of the civilian population or, to use *their* words, the undermining of civilian morale — the answer would have to be: Why not? It could as well have been any one of ten other German cities, but the weather was right for Dresden. Besides, the Crimea meeting with Stalin was approaching, the new Red Army offensive was rolling toward the German border, and Mr. Churchill sent through a clit to his air secretary, and *something* had to be done to impress those Russians.

A change in weather delayed the strike and it took place only after the meeting with Stalin. Churchill barely mentions Dresden in his memoirs. He has chosen to forget, and the two generals — one English, one American — who write the "introductions" (they are more like rebuttals) to this book have chosen to say that they were only following orders. Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby writes: ". . . I was not in any way responsible for the decision. . . . Nor was my Commander-in-Chief. . . . Our part was to carry out . . . the instructions we received from the Air Ministry . . . the Air Ministry was merely passing on instructions received from those responsible for the higher direction of the war." And as late as 1953, the State Department was assuring the West Germans that the bombing of Dresden was done "in response to Soviet requests." It is a charge often made and always denied by the Russians; Mr. Irving can find no evidence for it.

This is gossip, not history; the de-



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cision was made several years before the bombing of Dresden, it was made when the R.A.F. discovered that their "strategic" bombing was a failure, that their bombs were missing the targets by from half a mile to seven miles. German industry and military installations could not be destroyed by such means. The scientists were called upon for recommendations. Prof. P. M. S. Blackett, who opposed the idea of "undermining German morale," reported that it would take a ton of bombs to kill 0.2 Germans, indicating his belief that the area-bombing concept was a "futile" one. On the other hand, Professor Lindemann, who was in favor of mass killing of civilians (such bad form to put it that way; so much nicer to call it area bombing) reported that "Each bomber will in its lifetime drop about 40 tons of bombs. If these are dropped on *built-up areas*, they will make about 4,000 to 8,000 people *homeless*." (The italics are of necessity mine.)

Blackett was overruled; Lindemann's recommendation was accepted and, what's more, vindicated: his estimate of the "homeless" was off by a factor of only 1.4, Blackett's by over 51 per cent. The lesson is clear: humane scientists are unreliable.

The author of this book is an English journalist who has specialized in modern German history. In order to assure us of his respectability, the publisher informs us that he is a "leading official of the Anglo-German Association" and the editor of the *Anglo-German Review*. Perhaps in fear that we might still doubt Irving's devotion to the Free World, the publisher also tells us that Irving "maintains homes in London and Madrid." Having a different concern in mind, I read the book with a sharp eye (one might even say, a suspicious one) for any tendency to cast the Allies as monsters, thereby diminishing the rivals of Nazi Germany, and I must report that Irving is as objective as any writer can or ought to be when brought face to face with an atrocity of such grand scale. His only possible prejudice might be a rather understandable dislike of senseless mass murder regardless of who perpetrates it. I add this note to reassure those readers who adore Thucydides but who believe that a *modern* historian's first duty is to be objective.

Irving's harrowing and instructive book is not without its moments of grim comedy: the Master Bomber's name was LeGood, and at an R.A.F. base the chaplain (Canon Collins) invited Sir Stafford Cripps's personal assistant (a tutor in Moral Philosophy at Magdalen) to lecture the senior officers on "The Ethics of Bombing." The lecture was "obscure" and lightened only at the end by Collins' question "whether he had mistakenly assumed the title of [the] lecture to be 'The Bombing of Ethics.'"

A final note: those who have not read widely in the concentration-camp literature are advised to skip quickly over the pages of photographs of the bombing victims, and not to read at all the chapters describing their removal from cellars (air-raid shelters), their identification and burial. It is also well to keep in mind, as the generals advise us to do in their introductions, that *they* started it; and as Saundby points out (and Eaker concurs), we must also be on guard against making the "fatal mistake . . . of believing that war can be avoided by unilateral disarmament . . . pacifism, or by striving for an unattainable neutrality. It is the balance of nuclear power that will keep the peace. . . ."

Hear, hear.

Warren Miller is the author of The Cool World *(Little, Brown),* Ninety Miles from Home: The Face of Cuba Today *(Little, Brown) and* Looking for the General *(McGraw-Hill).*

The Audience Swam for Their Lives

James Scully

Despite pessimistic prediction, the YM-YWHA-sponsored symposium on "The State of American Poetry Today" rose to the fine level of chaos. John Simon the Moderator observed that the topic required a cast of thousands, like a De Mille epic, but that the Poetry Center had only a modest stage. This seemed to him regrettable. However, he had not anticipated the barbarian hordes into which Gregory Corso would materialize. Little would be said before the evening and the ranks dissolved, but much was revealed.

As though to provoke amenities, Simon formally introduced the poets on the panel. James Dickey, a hugely florid gentleman with straw-colored wisps of hair, was the most "fortunate" of the poetic species: "a poet-in-residence whose poetry makes lots of money." ("How much money?" Gregory Corso broke out, but drew only grunts in reply.) Jack Gilbert "eked out" a more modest living from his poetry, a process which also remained in decorous obscurity. Fortunately, the fact that Theodore Weiss was professor of literature at Bard College required no explanation. Then Howard Nemerov, currently Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress, was defined as "a successful literary bureaucrat, almost as powerful as August Heckscher was in his time." Corso was daguerreotyped, with a boost from Rimbaud, as "the poet-adventurer."

James Scully is a poet; he has recently completed A Survey of Contemporary British and American Poetry" *to be published in Italy in the spring.*

Last, but not obviously least, Simon presented himself as an ex-poet, one who had written a few things in his youth and who intended, therefore, "not only to moderate poets but to moderate myself." Undeterred by the obvious, Gregory surged toward Simon: "John, if you gave up poetry do you feel above us?" But the ensuing embarrassment was only momentary.

Simon got down to business: *Why do you write poetry*? He told us that someone's reply, I think he said Valéry's, had once been *"parce que."* "What's *parce que?"* interrupted Gregory. "Because," Simon explained. Weiss thought the question was "like asking why you were born." And Gregory, who wrote poetry "to explain some horrors to myself," again rose to the occasion, addressing both Weiss and Dickey: "You're doomed by your faces." The fated ones contemplated plastic surgery, but Gregory took the image back: "My plastic surgery is my world."

Nemerov had "no bloody notion" why he wrote poetry; but Gilbert did, and he leaned studiously forward with his slender hands forming a cathedral. "I don't want to be argumentative but honest," he revealed, "poetry is an important act." And Dickey concluded that poetry was "the preservation of moments in one's time, one's personality," that it was "an attempt to incarnate these moments, which are inconsequential and important."

Referring to a "distinguished Swedish poet," Mr. Simon perpetrated the second question: *Why write poetry*

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rather than prose?" "To excuse you from your nastinesses, John," replied Nemerov, recalling Simon's stab at literary bureaucrats, "because it's easier." Suddenly Nemerov made a sweeping downstage gesture: "The audience is waiting for us to make fools of ourselves. Bums," he pronounced cynically; later the charge was verified. In front of me, a slick fellow in shirtsleeves was sketching rudimentary ladies with red ink, pausing only to laugh with, or hiss at, Gregory Corso. Gilbert's head hovered hawklike above the microphone, its crest ruffled: "I didn't come here to entertain. Poetry is a synthetic act."

Dickey's preoccupation with poetry derived from "a gambler's instinct, laying everything on one word." "What's the word?" asked Gregory, reentering the scene. "Shut up Greg and let me finish, please," sighed Dickey, his Georgian drawl growing softer, longer, homelier.

Gregory didn't. "Beautiful creepy angels came up in '58." There followed a discussion as to whether the angels came up or down at that time, when the Beats mushroomed. "There's nothing more to say, man, now you've gotta play," Gregory continued, explaining his preference for poetry over prose, and for the play theory of art. "My audience is me," said Nemerov, who had a tenacious memory; the other audience must have seemed a vast, unlovely sea of insatiable faces. And Dickey, who sensed he was drowning with the others, tried to embrace his fate: "I'm a Southerner and a square."

"Come off it," warned Gregory, launching then into an apostrophe. "*You're stuck in 1964*. There's no Romantic covering, no Pope lovely couplets. No money. Nothing. I've got a wife and a kid coming and all that jazz. How does a poet like me make it in America?" Meanwhile, the audience's hissing had become intense. A few people stalked out. The gentleman to my left fidgeted, hissed, and finally leaped to his feet, shouting twice in succession as though he feared the message might not get through, "Gregory, drop dead!" "The question is not *how* should some poets survive," said Gilbert, "but should some."

Weiss, with his large floury face and raven-dark hair, thought the poet should "get under the naked skin of words," should outstrip "the petty ego." Gregory wasn't buying: "I've always disliked people who say 'I know my limitations.'" And defending his own beautifully battered ego he quoted Delmore Schwartz: "Even paranoids have enemies."

"Your questions don't make it, John," he momentarily ended.

"I don't have a great deal to say on this question," Nemerov admitted, "if life beats the shit out of you, well it should." Gregory, determined to dredge everything out, asked Dickey which of the Twelve Caesars he respected most. Dickey replied that "the question is who's going to pick up a sense of life from whose page," Weiss said that Valéry's poetry was "arrogant," Gilbert said "I write poetry by living. The poet writes himself. Bohemia is a radical imitation of life. Most of the time when they yell that they're on their way to hell, they're really on the way to Los Angeles."

"What about the symposium topic?" Gregory postscripted.

There's no question of being Academic or Beat, offered Weiss, "a poet is either good or bad." Gilbert noted his own B.A. and M.A., saying he hated Academics anyway. "How can you put down teachers?" asked Gregory. He then turned on Weiss. "My greatest time of life was two years on campus. What more could you want? You've got board, a bed, a room. So why do you guys get hung up?" "If you have wingéd golden horses," Nemerov observed, "you will always have wingéd golden horses' asses. The state of poetry is always bad." "There's no real conflict," Dickey chimed in, trying to close ranks, "poets are very human." "At best," Simon added.

The final explosive question was: *What is the relationship of the poet to his audience*? Gilbert thought audiences were large, but noted that there has been no good poetry "since the elders have passed away." All poets if they are poets feel towards man," said Gregory. "Have you ever shacked up?" Dickey asked the audience, testing and acquiescing to an audience-type idiom. "I've shacked up." But Gregory was having none of it. "I've never shacked up. I thought it awkward and strange." "That's because you're Academic," concluded Simon. Nemerov proceeded to identify himself as "an Academic poet, third-grade, oak leaf cluster." Then, in order to test the audience, he read a few lines of a poem, the author of which he didn't name. No one laughed, however, and Nemerov told the audience, "that shows how obtuse you are." He described the poem as being "like

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Expostulation and Reply

You say I ought to write more consciously
when I am trying now to speak with passion:
won't calm Apollo's eyes burn most brightly
when drunk with Dionysian wine?

Or you say I ought to live more carelessly
when I am striving after order and routine:
won't the obscure nightingale sound most sweet
when arching voiceless as the carven swan?

Sing a noisy song of silence, then,
and ask why I dress so neat and clean,
why I shave so close, why I write
so loose and free, why I speak so plain.

The grape distills its most intense refrain
when touched serenely by the sun,
and the laurel's blossoms grow most white
when planted by the casual ivy vine.

Yet my wild poems turn tame before your eyes
and this my careful life appears distracted:
these suits are my father's hand-me-downs,
and my quatrains neither rhyme nor scan.

Norman Friedman

In the Half Light . . .

In the half light of holding and giving
taking and receiving
we find a mean line

which is the basis of all things.

The temptress dares not receive our gifts,
but exists in an empire which is a kingdom
of living and dying beyond the pale
of ordinary human experience.

It is the gate of hatred,
the harbor to hot labor
which she hands us in return
for observance of that instant
we obeyed without regret.

Let us no longer endure malformations
of denial. The half light breeds false shadows
on the crown. Down dark and dreary ways
line survivors of our expectation.

Oh hold us up in the dawn.
This false light breeds old ways
of death and desire we tried without success
In hallways corridors of fire

Past all endurance, existing.

John Wieners

A Death

No one pulled a block or pumped a core
The day that Sammy died.
The hook lay crosswise on the floor
And overhead
The crane hung dead.

Pipes hollered and machines went white
The day that Sammy died.
Head and suction had gone up all night
And at noon about
It kicked out.

Jacob Leed

Pretty

Why is the word pretty so underrated?
In November the leaf is pretty when it falls,
The stream grows deep in the woods after rain
And in the pretty pool the pike stalks.

He stalks his prey, and this is pretty too,
The prey escapes with an underwater flash
But not for long, the great fish has him now,
The pike is a fish who always has his prey,

And this is pretty. The water rat is pretty,
His paws are not webbed, he cannot shut his nostrils
As the otter can and the beaver, he is torn between
The land and water. Not "torn," he does not mind.

The owl hunts in the evening and it is pretty,
The lake water below him rustles with ice,
There is frost coming from the ground, in the air mist,
All this is pretty, it could not be prettier.

Yes, it could always be prettier, the eye abashes,
It is becoming an eye that cannot see enough;
Out of the wood the eye climbs. This is prettier,
A field in the evening, tilting up.

The field tilts to the sky. Though it is late
The sky is lighter than the hill field,
All this looks easy but really it is extraordinary,
Well, it is extraordinary to be so pretty.

And it is careless and that is always pretty,
This field, this owl, this pike, this pool are careless,
As nature is always careless and indifferent,
Who sees, who steps means nothing and this is pretty.

So a person may come along like a thief — pretty! —
Stealing a look, pinching the sound and feel,
Lick the icicle broken from the bank
And still say nothing at all, only cry 'Pretty!'

Cry pretty, pretty, pretty and you'll be able
Very soon not even to cry pretty,
And so be delivered entirely from humanity.
This is prettiest of all, it is very pretty.

Stevie Smith

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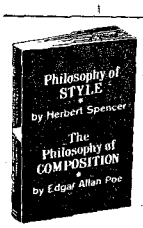
a man trying to masturbate too soon after having masturbated." "Can I pick you up on your image of masturbation?" Gregory asked after a few subdued moments. "It's a confined vice," he went on, turning over its literary possibilities and social implications, "but I don't see what that's got to do with 1964 poetry. Poetry isn't bankrupt, poets are. Look at them!" And his gesture took in the panel.

The following question-and-answer period was notable for insults, most of them justified, which the moderator and the panel lavished on the audience's imperceptions. "Poetry in '64 is in a great place and it's in abeyance right now," said Gregory. "Here we are in the shit like the rest," Nemerov noticed. "I'm not interested in the tone of this particular time or any time," declaimed Gilbert, "I'm trying to remake the world." "What a madman," Gregory observed. "Weiss, do you expose yourself?" Weiss said he tried to. "The psychiatrists are finished," said Gregory, deploring poets who might get themselves fixed, "they've failed. They can't answer Death. I've seen them with a beautiful sixty-year-old actress and they couldn't give her a thing." Making a large, languid motion with his arm, he allowed some torn bits of white paper to flutter onto the stage. There was a silence.

For the last time, he laid siege to the symposium topic: "America is the power, right? So here you are in the *power*, man, where're you at?" There was a silence.

Nemerov had said that "a poem is not a thought but a mine," and Gregory was saying "the poem is nothing without the poet." And Simon, hastily rising and gathering his papers, was to conclude that "the state of contemporary poetry is war." But although he performed with precarious dexterity, Simon was no Prospero. The occasion had spread beyond the jurisdiction of the non-principled bon mot, and his conclusion held its own only for a moment.

Gregory Corso alone prevailed—a refreshingly elementary medium in which the moderator, the panel, and the audience swam for their lives.



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era was not simply a spectacle of political opportunism but only one manifestation of an ethical breakdown inherent in the kind of consuming economy which has sustained us since the war. If the apparent aim was to root out subversion, the unconscious objective seems to have been to "root out character altogether in order to create faceless, automatic consumers. . . . " Thus emerged a "psuedoethic" which has replaced our traditional standards of behavior in many areas of life. Miss Halsey analyzes this moral erosion and suggests correctives with her usual wit and lack of pomposity.

THE WILL. Harvey Swados. World. $4.95.

Death in the family precipitates a struggle among three brothers for the inheritance in this novel by the author of *On The Line* (Little, Brown) and editor of the anthology *Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers* (Meridian).

THE RANK-AND-FILE LEADER. Sidney Peck. College and University Press. $6.

Sidney Peck's study is the result of four years of working in plants and factories in Milwaukee. Group discussions among shop stewards were initiated by ingenious means and recorded without the knowledge of union leaders or management. Dr. Peck demonstrates that the working class remains a self-conscious social entity despite conventional judgment that such distinctions are meaningless in a mass society. This working-class consciousness, though generally apolitical, may yet be an instrument for certain kinds of social reform. It transcends narrow union interests, and is often strong enough to counteract other forms of social identity, such as racial or religious affiliation.

FROM EVERY ZENITH: Memoirs. John Collier. Alan Swallow. $6.50.

The author of *Indians of the Americas* (Norton) and himself an Indian commissioner under Roosevelt, John Collier looks back over a long life of considerable achievement. The progress made during this century toward Indian emancipation can largely be attributed to Collier's continuous efforts. He writes vividly of this struggle and of his passion for preserving some part of the shrinking American wilderness.

THE MANMADE WILDERNESS. Clara W. Mayer. Atheneum. $4.50.

Personal reflections on life, education and assorted human institutions by the long-time dean of the New School for Social Research.

THE ADDICT. Edited, with an introduction by Dan Wakefield. Fawcett World Library. 50c paper.

Dan Wakefield, who frequently writes for *The Nation,* has compiled an anthology composed of first-hand reports on the physical, psychological and social effects of narcotics addiction. The contributors range from doctors, lawyers and clergymen, to professional writers and anonymous addicts.

HENRY JAMES AND THE JACOBITES. Maxwell Geismar. Houghton Mifflin. $7.

A revaluation of James's work and a chilly appraisal of the literary critics who call him "Master," by a well-known critic and historian of American literature.

LABOR TODAY. B. J. Widick. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

A detailed study of the growth of the union hierarchy, a bureaucracy which inadequately reflects the aspirations of the majority of union membership. B. J. Widick has been associated with the labor movement for many years and has written extensively on the subject for *The Nation.*

CHINA, RUSSIA AND THE U. S. A. Edgar Snow. Marzani & Munsell. $2.35.

A reprint of the final section of *The Other Side of the River* (Random House), published in 1962. The present publishers state that they have undertaken this unusual venture because they feel that Snow's analysis should receive the widest possible circulation. Mr. Snow has contributed an introduction for this edition which foretells de Gaulle's recognition of the Peking regime and predicts the probable consequences in the United Nations.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER: A Political Biography. James Desmond. Macmillan. $5.

A frank profile of Rockefeller which examines his accomplishments and failures in the public sphere and sup-

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plies a measure of insight into the Governor's private affairs. The author is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

ALL HONORABLE MEN: Corruption and Compromise in American Life. Walter Goodman. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Bernard Goldfine, the General Electric executives and Charles Van Doren were not in the author's view, simply examples of personal compromise. Their conduct precipitated a moral crisis in three different areas of American life: the conflict of interest between big business and government, price-fixing in industry, and questionable practices in the field of entertainment. Mr. Goodman's book is both a well-documented social commentary and an absorbing survey of a dubious fraternity.

THEATRE

Lionel Abel

Prose and Pageantry

For most of Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions* we are presumably at the palace of Kublai Khan, grandson of Jenghiz and inheritor of the Mongol conquests, now the supreme ruler of Cathay. On the simplified stage of the new ANTA Washington Square Theatre, the colorful and ingenious props, the vivid and always tasteful costumes succeed almost in calling up the "sunny pleasure dome/ On caves of ice" decreed by the Kublai of Coleridge's poem. I heard with pleasure the name "Xanadu," and I was not surprised to hear it spoken. And for Coleridge's "damsel with a dulcimer," there was the daughter of the great Khan, Princess Kukachin, playing on her feelings for the young Marco Polo as on a musical instrument. The place seemed, if not "savage," or "enchanted," yet wholly enchanting, and there were moments during the action when Princess Kukachin was indeed a "woman wailing" —not for a demon lover, it is true, but for O'Neill's demon of unloving, Marco Polo. The scenic effects are a constant appeal to the imagination; and the effort of the director José Quintero and his associates was to suggest, I think, the atmosphere of Coleridge's dream.

As Kublai is not the real Khan of history, and we would be better advised to think of him as coming from Coleridge's poem, so Marco is not the famous thirteenth-century Venetian traveler, and it is best to think of him as an American globetrotter (of the late twenties, perhaps) in the Far East for reasons of business. The interest of O'Neill's play was meant to lie in the conflict of beauty and poetry with the sordid practicalities of the business mind. Kublai, his daughter Kukachin, and the sage Chu-Yin are supposed to represent, throughout the action of the play, poetry, aestheticism and personal feeling, while Marco Polo and the Polo brothers are in turn supposed to stand for practical intelligence: they are always shown as incapable of dreaming. But if we turn from the staging and the sets to the characters and to the way in which they express themselves, the conflict O'Neill must have been interested in loses all interest for us. In the first place, Marco Polo (played expertly by Hal Holbrook, who even manages to create some sympathy for the character, which O'Neill's lines hardly justify) is little more than a caricature of the businessman: even Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt is a poet as compared with O'Neill's Marco. And then O'Neill's favored Mongols, except for Kukachin (played with grace and real feeling by Zohra Lampert), are also caricatures—caricatures, to be sure, of the poetic and the aesthetic, but their efforts at poetry are no more like poetry than Marco's continual boasts are like the hardheaded judgments of any really practical man.

Nothing offended me more, for instance, than the "wise" words of the sage Chu-Yin, although I have nothing but praise for the skilled performance of Joseph Wiseman, who showed that he could play a true sage if ever he were given the chance. But the "wisdom" of O'Neill's sage of Cathay is limited to making typical Chinese wisecracks in conventionally balanced periods. What has he to recommend to the other characters? When the Khan's daughter is dead, Chu-Yin urges the grieving father: Weep! As if there is even one businessman on Wall Street, in Topeka or Los Angeles who would need to be told, with his only daughter tragically dead, that tears might be appropriate! The pretentious wisdom and affectations of superiority by the Khan and his wise man throughout the play made me feel more sympathy for the

Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic. His most recent book is Metatheatre *(Hill & Wang).*

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American man of affairs than I ever felt before, or perhaps can ever feel.

There is a poetry of the mind awake, and there is a poetry of the mind adream, and the conflict between these two kinds of poetry has been the theme of some of the most stirring moments in drama: Hotspur against Glendower, Rosalind against Orlando, Kent again Lear, O'Neill's own Hickey against the drunks in Harry's bar. But *Marco Millions* treats of an entirely different and far less significant conflict, that between the prose of the mind awake and, I think, the prose of the mind adream. Who is going to find that interesting?

There is, however, an interesting scene in the play, though one not nearly as fine as it might have been. When the Princess Kukachin is being taken by ship to the Persian Khan to whom she is affianced, she tries to indicate to Marco, who captains the ship, that she loves him and dreads her coming marriage. But the American Venetian is much too insensitive to understand her words, her gestures or even the look in her eyes—though he is obliged to look into her eyes at least once each day, in accordance with his promise to the sage Chu-Yin. At the end of the voyage, though, looking into the Princess' eyes, Marco glimpses for just one moment the shining of the girl's love for him. But he is immediately diverted to other, more practical interests. The scene is genuinely touching, for in it the Princess does express the humanly pathetic dream that another might respond by dreaming, too.

What are the values of this play? What is valued in it by the playwright himself? The poetic feeling of the Princess for Marco Polo, and Marco's one real feeling of poetry when, as a young man, in a moment of rashness later regretted, he actually tries to write a poem. But nothing else in human experience is judged valid by the playwright: not energy, not belief, not power, not purpose. The Pope we see in Venice is every bit as cynical as the Khan in far-off Cathay, one of whose best remarks is that life seems so mysterious because "it is so stupid." I think the only value O'Neill could have held to when he wrote *Marco Millions* was that implied by the fact that young Marco has at least made one effort to write a poem. Implied, though hardly expressed: the actual poem is unbearable, as Marco recites it. What the play itself says is that poetry, if felt, could somehow make life very much better, but O'Neill's own feeling for poetry was generally restricted to instances, necessarily rare, of romantic feeling, such as that of the Princess Kukachin. So José Quintero had to make up for O'Neill's lack of poetic range with his director's taste for color, movement, startling props and varied costumes, pomp and pageantry.

Harold Clurman

The Nation deems certain highly popular plays not worth notice in its columns. The editors aren't "against" plays intended as pastime, but they believe they do not call for comment when they offer no more than that. This is a journal of opinion and how does one form an opinion of a tickle?

I am only half inclined to agree. The other half cannot blink the fact that such plays—*Barefoot in the Park*, *Nobody Loves an Albatross* and *Any Wednesday*, together with musicals like *Hello, Dolly!*—are the season's big hits. Without such plays there might be no theatre at all! If it weren't for the hope that money may still be made in the theatre, very few people would continue to produce plays in a country where state and municipalities are little concerned with the nature of our entertainment. Since Shakespeare's time, when the theatre went "commercial," the bulk of production — that which sustains the theatre as business — has been devoted to plays that amuse rather than to those that instruct, elevate, impress or inspire.

No one really objects to the theatre's frivolous fare; the more sober stuff is always received with tense caution. There is no quibble about *Barefoot in the Park*, but what dubiety, headshaking or hostility in regard to plays like *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, *After the Fall*, *The Ginger Man*. In their day, *Desire Under the Elms*, *Death of a Salesman*, *A Streetcar Named Desire* were all hits, but their success was inconsiderable compared to that of *Mary, Mary*. The theatre's subsidy is stored in a treasury of artistically negligible plays.

There is a weird rightness in this. It costs us little to indulge triviality; the severity we bring to serious work is a sign of the strain it puts upon us. Merit entails responsibility and nothing disturbs us like responsibility.

All this obtains as well in the other tent. The inconsequential novel and arts, but not at all to the same extent the important one hardly exist in the same world. When the volumes of Proust's masterpiece were coming out

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in Paris shortly after the First World War and were the central topic of all critical discussion there, the overwhelming money success was a trashy novel called *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*. Readers of Proust were hardly aware that there was such a book and vice versa. But plays, particularly in the United States, no matter how disparate in quality, dwell side by side as if they all served the same purpose: to become "smashes." No one ever heard of a critic in Paris being called upon to discuss both Proust and Maurice Dekobra.

There is a difference, however, between literary and theatre criticism. Drama was born of the theatre and not the other way around. One goes to the theatre to *see* a play (a "performance") and the play is something beyond— though too often something less than — its text. There are times when the players are the only artists of the theatre. My memory of Laurette Taylor is far more vivid and meaningful to me than anything she ever appeared in, though I may still read *The Glass Menagerie* and will never again see the actress.

One thing to be noted about the plays which started me on these speculations is that they are all well cast, well acted and well staged. That is not always true with offerings of greater substance.

Of Neil Simon's featherweight *Barefoot in the Park* (Biltmore) I remember Robert Redford's young American good nature, Elizabeth Ashley's looks and energy, Mildred Natwick's friendly shrewdness. Of Ronald Alexander's *Nobody Loves an Albatross* (Lyceum) two things remain: Marion Winter's savage hurt as the aggressive television writer whose contact and competition with the unfeeling breed of executives turn her into a monstrous victim of the fun industry, and Phil Leeds as the inventor and echo of the laugh machine used to enhance the rating of television shows.

The latest in this line of stage confections, Muriel Resnick's *Any Wednesday* (Music Box), is graced by Sandy Dennis. The fair loveliness of her complexion, her charming youthfulness and unexpected perceptiveness, the thin, penetratingly innocent voice that contains an element of unconscious pathos add up to a subtly sensuous appeal. This reveals itself as humor, tenderness and withheld intelligence—enough to disarm the husbands in the audience without antagonizing their wives.

With Miss Dennis is Rosemary Murphy, playing the kind of woman who makes a benevolent compromise with her spouse's well-heeled mediocrity, and playing it with a tact that manages to be comic without a trace of vulgar caricature. The men — Gene Hackman and Don Porter—are also happily cast, so that the scene in which all four actors join in a game of clap hands and free association is something of a treat, the author's merriest invention.

As to the story or subject matter of these plays, no matter! They are charades composed of jokes (except in the case of *Nobody Loves an Albatross* which has satiric pretensions) and though some of the jokes make me laugh, it is characteristic that I barely remember one of them the morning after. Perhaps that is why one doesn't mind too much the sense of having seen all such plays before, provided they are attractively performed.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Seven Days in May is a filmed admonition for those who have found *Dr. Strangelove* in frivolous bad taste. In contrast to the Kubrick-Southern work, the Frankenheimer-Serling picture shows a proper deference for the values we all hold dear and offers no perplexity in the matter of separating the good guys from the bad guys. *Seven Days* is a superb commercial film, opulently produced, expensively cast, so sleekly timed that its quite intricate details mesh like nylon gears. It also convinces me, in a way that the mocking *Dr. Strangelove* never could, that the country has passed through the worst of its lunatic panic.

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while after the tide has turned. In that way they get most of the benefits of controversy while risking few of its hazards. They are not to be scorned for this discretion — show business is not obliged to march in the vanguard of reform — and in fact their works can add momentum to a new trend. Beyond that, they are excellent barometers of the public climate. If the American people ever makes up its mind to recognize the existence of mainland China, the first signal will probably be a Rod Serling script recounting a tale of moral excellence on the Yangtze River.

So it is with *Seven Days in May*. After all these years of rocket rattling and the suicidal bravado of second-strike capability, it is morally invigorating to see a mass-audience picture that comes out unequivocally for negotiated arms reduction, for the ejection of the military from politics; that calls the Pentagon dangerously headstrong, and uses the names of Senator McCarthy and General Walker as terms of contempt. One's first reaction is to ask, "How do they dare?"; then you realize that there is no longer any real daring in it. A very few years ago, say in the middle of Eisenhower's second term, *Seven Days* would have been a picture of unprecedented boldness; now it is no more than politically relevant and reassuring. It took the picture, though, to make me realize how much we have changed.

The story, as everyone must know, was taken from a novel by Knebel and Bailey and concerns a plot by the military to seize the government. The book was an excellent melodrama and the picture takes every advantage of its fertile invention, its apparent inside knowledge of the machinery of power, to mount suspense of the most gratifying sweatiness. Like most melodramas, it is moonshine — military juntas in our age do not flower north of the frost line; any take-over in this country would have been through the minds and votes of the people. It may well have been a close thing, but seeing the happy family groups lined up for blocks to get into *Seven Days*, I would guess that there are no Boulangers in our immediate future.

The expensive cast of which I spoke is led by Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Fredric March, with Ava Gardner playing a largely irrelevant "back street" role. To put it another way, the picture is about a national crisis involving General Lancaster, Colonel Douglas and President March. I never for a moment forgot who these men were, and it now seems to me that this has been so in every picture in which they have been employed. It is as though their whole screen careers had been interminable TV serials covering a bewildering variety of manly response to the challenge of danger. American screen actors do not play their parts; they wear them. And in a way it is fun to see the familiar gestures, hear the well-remembered accents, in the context of new sets and costumes. It isn't acting, though; it is a kind of dramatic modeling.

Like *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, *The Fire Within* opens with a close-up of naked shoulders in bed and voices murmuring. As I feared from this, it turns out to be a highly verbal picture (in foreign films you can readily tell when the emphasis has swung from action to dialogue by noticing that you are reading the story in the subtitles and catching the film as a visual background). Many European directors are seized today by a dismal convention of chatter, in which the characters stand up and sit down, light cigarettes, pour drinks and eat meals, go for walks in the park and drives in the country, get into bed and out again — and talk and talk and talk. These perambulating conversations would make fairly uneventful novels (in fact, they are making whole shelves of such novels); as movies, they seem to miss entirely the point of the medium.

Still, I am glad to have seen Malle's new picture, for it deals persuasively with a prevalent form of defeat. Alain (Maurice Ronet), released from a Versailles nursing home as cured of alcoholism, returns to his Paris friends and demands that they give him convincing reasons why he should continue to live. They are unable to do so, and after two days he shoots himself.

This absurd behavior stems from a perverse idealism which, though a common enough indisposition of adolescence, can be fatal in later life. Alain insists that reality live up to his expectations; since it does not, he feels cheated and entitled to resign. It is not as though he had been impatient; as he says himself, he spent his whole youth playing the fool and waiting for life to happen. Alain also requires that anyone who approaches him in friendship (or love) should respond to his consciousness with the subjective intensity he feels for it himself. This is not exactly egomania, though it takes on that color. Rather, it is a product of half-understood psychology, an inability to entertain pessimism, a passionate belief that perfect truth lies in perfect union. It is a half lie that no man is an island; the whole truth is that every man is an island, and Alain kills himself rather than accept the insularity.

Ronet establishes this very clearly. On the surface, he is a young devil gone a little to fat — self-indulgent, self-pitying, the old charm turned to boring persistence. The insane pain underneath could not be mimed without the picture's turning into a clinical exercise, but Malle has shown Ronet how to open a crack now and then, and let the madness leer. And the men and women who make up the friends are superbly keyed — each of them expresses affection and concern in a different way, but they all betray Alain in the same way — by a flicker of attention to themselves. Alain, the sick child of thirty, wants absolute fidelity.

As in Albee's *Zoo Story*, he thinks he knows how to achieve it. Let "them" but execute him, and ever after they will be part of him. We would dismiss this theme as piffling weakness, green romanticism, if it were not so much in the air. As matters stand, though, it is frightening and potentially dramatic. *The Fire Within* develops the theme with little recourse to drama and is therefore a burden to watch. Its vitality is all in its aftertaste.

Business note. The makers of Kent cigarettes have a diligent agent in Europe. The heroes of both *To Bed . . . Or Not To Bed* and *The Fire Within* smoke that brand, and they handle the crushproof box with the unconvincing fussiness that TV peddlers have devised to give the label maximum exposure.

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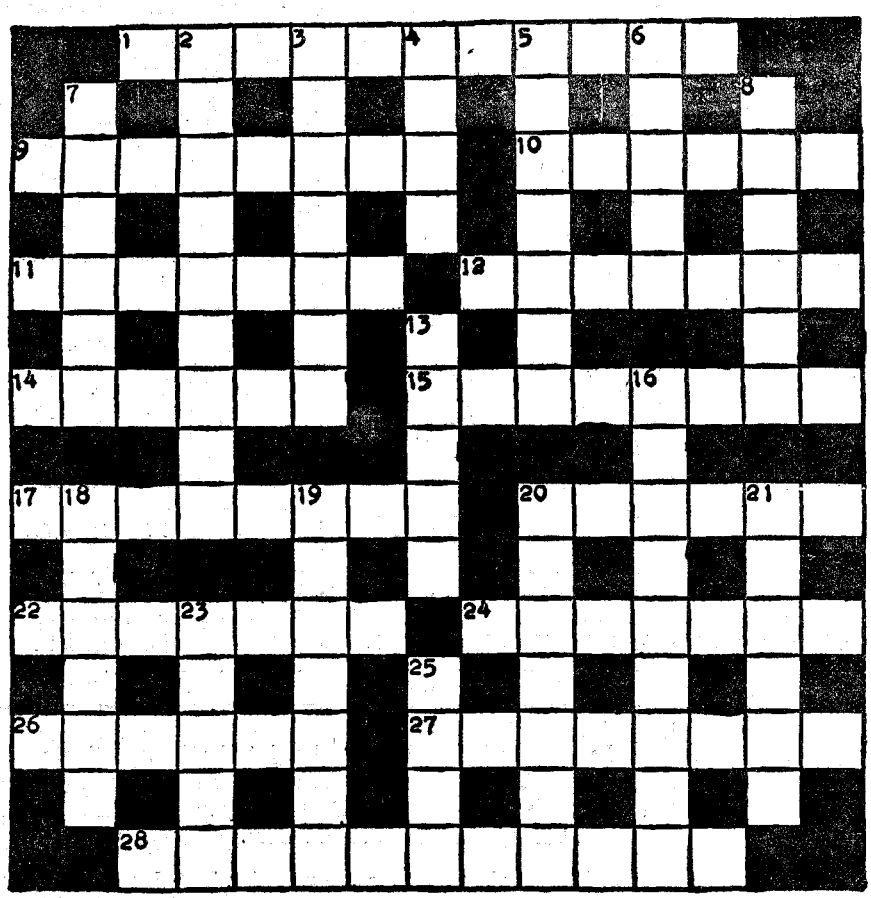
Crossword Puzzle No. 1049

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Smith probably was so roughed up! (6-5)
9 Wheeler nowadays is 10. (8)
10 See 9. (6)
11 Implying the hands are let go and put on the head. (4-3)
12 A sort of lie is as bad for the region. (7)
14 Each of a cart's three times too big for the grain. (6)
15 Making sport of the worker's party? (8)
17 and 23 Starting to work out the silent partner's problem is good practice for those in line. (8, 5)
20 Given a statement of what our feathered friends are? (6)
22 The halfback is not disarmed by being given one. (4-3)
24 Preserved first choice, and came first. (7)
26 One might find 18 down helpful in the hot months. (6)
27 They might have been used to litter in the street, but are now at least above board. (8)
28 How your vacation time is taken up in the service, if you please! (2, 4, 5)

DOWN:

2 Certainly not a forward pass, as a reversion to type. (9)
3 This is not safe with faults in the hose—in the first place one probably does the rest. (7)
4 Dress that one shouldn't do up. (4)
5 See 16 down. (7)
6 It might be all right, in time, to call up. (5)
7 A snare's set up in place. (6)
8 How people sometimes fire a type of fabric. (2-4)
13 Did they traditionally take inspiration from some of those they encountered? (5)
16 A live bark as one of the 5 five. (9)
18 One of the things about the orient you can count on. (6)
19 No finer place for lost souls! (7)
20 Prison drink for at least part of the army. (7)
21 Made 10, but such things are no longer odd. (6)
23 See 17 across
25 Mark this city dearth! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1048

ACROSS: 1 Match point; 6 Scud; 10 Stipple; 11 Cockney; 12 Constitutional; 14 Turgenev; 15 Embryo; 16 Nuncio; 18 Stadiums; 22 Breadfruit tree; 24 Ophelia; 25 Proviso; 27 Protesters; DOWN: 1 Music stand; 2 Thinner; 3 Hypothetically; 4 and 26 Over the hill; 5 Nicety; 7 Centaur; 8 Days; 9 Accommodations; 13 Boisterous; 17 Narwhal; 19 Trumpet; 20 Upraise; 21 Affair; 23 Moth.

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